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SHORT NOTATIONS



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A German Mother, Who Has Given Her Seven Sons to the War. She and Her Three Grandchildren Were Trying to Live on Potatoes—all They Had.

SHORT RATIONS

AN AMERICAN WOMAN IN
GERMANY, 1915 . . . 1916

BY

MADELEINE ZABRISKIE DOTY

AUTHOR OF "SOCIETY'S MISFITS"

*ILLUSTRATED WITH
PHOTOGRAPHS*



NEW YORK
THE CENTURY CO.
1917

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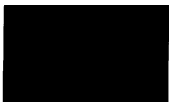
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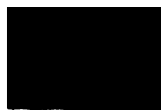


SHORT RATIONS

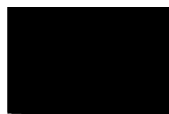


TO
MY FATHER
WHO NEVER HELD ME BACK
BUT EVER ENCOURAGED
ME IN MY ADVENTURES











PREFACE

This book is a journal of my experiences in warring Europe. I have tried to set down simply and honestly what I saw. It is the story of what happens at home when men go to war. It has been difficult to find a title that would cover such a range. But everywhere I traveled one fact obtruded itself. When the battle rages all forces are concentrated on destroying; man has no time to create. The doctrine of social welfare is temporarily extinguished. No thought can be given to the hungry, to the convict, to social evils, to education, to understanding the heart of a child.

These divine causes are pushed aside. The country goes spiritually, as well as materially, bankrupt. There is a shortage all along the line. It is in this sense that I use the title "Short Rations."

While the men at the front slaughter one another, at home the mothers and children, the sick, the aged, the prisoners, are starved spiritually, intellectually, and physically. Life be-

comes a fight for existence, a struggle for one's self and not for humanity.

Through infinite suffering man has broken away from the old ideal which was "Concentrate on self and be a great person." He has come to see that a truer and finer ideal is "Forget self and give to humanity." Nations must learn this truth also; not my country first, what can it grab, but what can it give. When that idealism is accepted, wars will cease. "Love thy neighbor as thyself." It is an old doctrine, new only when applied by one nation to another.

And to that nation which has sinned most, as to the greatest criminal, must we most freely open our hearts. In each case the need is great; in neither case will punishment avail. Punishment fills both man and nation with hate and vengeance. But love remakes the world. Regeneration comes from within. Let our new faith be: "I dedicate myself, my home, and my country to every other nation; my life, my love, my liberty will I share."

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SHORT RATIONS
PART I



THE BADGE OF HATE

A facsimile of a stamp used
in the beginning of the war to
stick on letters and packages.
It was later prohibited.



SHORT RATIONS

CHAPTER I

CROSSING THE OCEAN IN WAR TIME

FOR eight months the war had raged. We in America found it hard to visualize. Only the people from Europe with their tales of bloodshed made it a reality. Women from all the belligerent countries came to us. They implored America to bring back peace on earth and save their men. It was this cry stirred American women. A little group headed by Jane Addams resolved to hold a woman's international conference. The meeting place was to be The Hague. The women knew they couldn't stop the war, but they decided to register a protest against the slaughter of man and lay plans for a future permanent peace.

To cross the ocean in war time is an undertaking. An ocean filled with battle-ships presents



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unknown dangers, but forty-three American women embarked on the adventure.

The "Evening Post" asked me to go as its correspondent. I at once accepted. In five days I packed my bags, adjusted my affairs, and was on board the steamship *Noordam*.

It was a warm spring day when our boat pulled from dock. A white flag bearing in letters of blue the word "Peace" floated from our mast-head. This made our ship the center of all eyes. Soon we had passed the Battery and the city grew dim in the distance. At the harbor entrance were two American torpedo boats. It was the first intimation of war. We fell to talking of submarines and the dangers ahead.

A passing ship bound for New York from Rotterdam saluted. Our little white flag fluttered gaily in answer. Our hearts thrilled at the sight. We realized we had set forth on a mission. Of the sixty-two first cabin passengers forty-four were women delegates to The Hague. It was a goodly company assembled from many States — Oregon, California, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Washington, D. C., and New York. Though many had n't previously met, we were soon bound



CROSSING THE OCEAN IN WAR TIME

together by a common cause. Outside there was a gray sky and calm sea. Inside there was equal peace and calm.

Each morning we assembled to discuss history and diplomacy, while the evenings were devoted to personal reminiscences. Like the Canterbury Pilgrims of old, each told his tale. Bit by bit through the Pilgrims' tales personalities grew distinct. The two most striking were Jane Addams and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence. They were totally unlike, but by very contrast vivified each other. One evening they had a debate,—“Is war ever justifiable?” was the subject. Miss Addams took the negative. Gentle, modest, clad in a dark silk dress, the light of her spirit shining in her tragic eyes, she seemed hardly of the earth. She pleaded for the sacredness of life and the policy of non-resistance. To turn from her to Mrs. Lawrence was to turn to a burning flame. The Englishwoman in her Oriental dress of red and green was all passion and fire. Every gesture had meaning. Spirit and body were one. She wanted to fight for peace; would go singing to death to rid the world of war. Both women were inspired by the same ideal. But one looked at life as a saint; the other faced reality. One



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preached non-resistance; the other active resistance to war, believing that peace and liberty were dearer than life.

Other members of the company were also distinctive. The little telephone operator until the night of her story remained undiscovered. Then her fresh, vital personality burst upon us. Three years ago with a handful of girls she had organized a union, which now numbers ten thousand. In the early days the union won a fight for better conditions by arbitration. Out of that success sprang the powerful organization of to-day. If they could arbitrate, the telephone girls reasoned, Europe ought also to be able to arbitrate, so they sent forth their cherished leader. She, they felt, might bring peace to earth. Each member taxed herself with sixty cents monthly to pay for the trip, and the little telephone operator set gaily forth. She had never traveled before. Each moment on the ocean was a revelation. She was always discovering new wonders. Then there was a poetess who had written a poem called "Motherhood" which had been published and widely circulated by the Carnegie Peace Foundation. There was a woman doctor, who told us of the diseases that follow in the wake of war.



CROSSING THE OCEAN IN WAR TIME

There were three women lawyers, a Quaker preacher, numerous social workers, and several writers.

Besides our little company, there were seventeen other passengers, among them a small German girl of nineteen. She was a problem. Pretty, frivolous, high-heeled and flirtatious, she was on her way to her lover, a young German officer. We held lengthy consultations over her case. We had all seen "War Brides." This child must be made to realize that woman must not propagate unless man promises there shall be no more war.

Unfortunately most of us were spinsters. Our passionate plea for motherhood did n't have a proper setting. We did n't make a dent in this young female of the species. We searched for a copy of "War Brides," in vain. But had we found it she would not have read it. She flirted with every man on board and steered her course among us all.

The days glided swiftly by, calm and uneventful. Life on shipboard became a habit. We seemed to have been always journeying forth.

But on the eighth day we reached the danger zone. At night our ship was brightly lighted.

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On each side of the boat in large letters of electricity was the ship's name. The eighth night was one of suspense and excitement. Some huddled together and talked far into the night, but Miss Addams went serenely to bed. My roommate got down the life preservers — she wished she could foresee events, for if we were to be blown up, she wanted to dress for the part. In the end she wore her best underclothing and silk stockings to bed. Morning came and we slowly crept toward the coast. It was a gray day and we saw the land indistinctly. Small sailing vessels were about us and seagulls hovered overhead. Once we slowed down and steered out of our course. Two small boats ahead of us with a net between them were dragging the sea for mines. On the top deck, the life-boats had been stripped of canvas and put in readiness and the deck rails removed.

That night at dinner Miss Addams suggested an evening of entertainment to divert us. Toward the close of the program the boat suddenly stopped. The audience grew restless. There was a shrill whistle and sound of running feet. We rushed for the deck. The red and white light of a small boat appeared at the ship's side.



CROSSING THE OCEAN IN WAR TIME

She made fast to our steamer. Three English officers climbed the rope ladder and rushed to the captain's room.

All was commotion and excitement. We ran from one side of the steamer to the other. No one knew what was happening. We gazed at the little boat. The men on board her hurried madly about. They pulled out a box. In it was ammunition. Then a small cannon was uncovered, and directed toward us. It was quickly loaded and the men stood ready, ammunition in hand. Now two other small boats appeared. They also came close to the steamer and remained alongside. We were being surrounded. Just as suspense grew intolerable, the officers who boarded us came from the bridge. They were leading two captives. Around each was tied a rope. Then we knew what had happened. Two German stowaways had been caught and taken prisoners. As the captives descended the rope ladder, one of them raised his cap high above his head and shouted, "Hoch der Kaiser! Vaterland über alles!" We leaned over the ship's rail in the flickering light. We saw the prisoners on the deck of the small boat below. Their hands were held high above their heads, while the Eng-

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lish soldiers searched them. The captors evidently admired the bravery of their captives. They treated them considerately.

Next morning we were steaming up the English Channel, and at eight were opposite Dover. Here we anchored and were boarded for inspection. Only the men's passports were examined. All day our boat was at a standstill and we sat or walked idly about the decks. Torpedo boats moved to and fro. A few steamers were seen at anchor. One, a South American steamer, was only a few rods away. We exchanged greeting with the passengers. Late in the afternoon we crowded on deck to see a round black speck in the air. It moved toward the French coast. As it came nearer we saw it was an airship. It looked like a wicked submarine which had taken to flight. Presently it retook its course to the English coast.

Next morning we were still at anchor. We grew restless. It dawned on us we might be here for days. We gradually realized we must protest, if we would move. We sought out the captain. He was noncommittal. We asked for permission to send messages ashore. He doubted if it could be managed. We were veritable pris-

CROSSING THE OCEAN IN WAR TIME

oners. But in the afternoon the English boat again came to us. We lay siege to the British officer. We wrote out a telegram to our American ambassador at London, imploring his aid. The English officer agreed to send it. Now came hours of weary waiting. Our unity and enthusiasm vanished. The ship was the same, the people the same, but we were thwarted in our purpose. Making us prisoners made us ugly. Dissensions grew in our midst. The conservatives did not wish to be hasty, they would fold hands and patiently trust to the authorities, but the rebel spirits were not to be quelled. Nothing was ever gained save through struggle. They brought pressure to bear on the captain and sent surreptitious messages ashore by friendly sailboats. The days dragged on, Saturday, Sunday, Monday. All sorts of rumors were afloat. One was that a battle was raging in the North Sea; another that the trouble lay with our cargo — that we were women sitting on a load of ammunition! A third that England was holding us up because we were a band of women with peaceful intentions.

We secured a newspaper from a passing sailboat. We found that England had stopped all

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channel steamers. The delegation of women from England was not to be allowed to cross to The Hague. The papers ridiculed the women; they call them "peacettes" bound for a tea party at The Hague. But, as usual, opposition only strengthened the cause. We grew fearless and united. With Miss Addams's coöperation, we besieged the captain and sent innumerable telegrams. At length our distress calls were answered. A British boat dashed up. It bore a message from the American ambassador. We gathered in an expectant circle, but our faces grew tragic as Miss Addams read: "The British authorities have completely suspended traffic with Holland for the present. No ships are leaving for Dutch ports. I greatly regret it is beyond my power to aid you in the matter. Even American diplomatic officers may not pass."

We were foiled. It was Monday, and Tuesday the conference was to begin. But just as the rebel spirits were on the eve of a revolution we heard a shrill whistle. Another little tug dashed to our ship's side. An officer boarded our boat. A few seconds later a steward rushed from the bridge. "We are off!" he cried; "the clearance papers have come." A little cheer goes up from



CROSSING THE OCEAN IN WAR TIME

our midst. We dance about the deck. We played tag and ran three-legged races to let off steam. Of course we attributed our good fortune to the American ambassador, in spite of his telegram.

But again there was delay. Our steamer whistled vainly for a pilot. There was none to be had. Our captain was given a map of the mine-strewn North Sea. He was told he might proceed, but at his own risk. He decided to wait until morning. Many of us were up early. The mines loomed large. Our eyes swept the horizon for warships and submarines, but our ship moved quietly forward without adventure. Toward noon we sighted the Hook of Holland. Soon we were steaming up the long waterway. It was a warm spring day. The land was gay with tulips. The flat green meadows stretched out peacefully in the golden sunlight. Here there was no sign of war. Our dangers were passed. Our first battle had been won.


CHAPTER II

AT THE HAGUE

IT was six P.M. when we left our boat. For several hours she had been steaming up the narrow waterway to Rotterdam, while the peace and quiet of Holland descended upon us. On passing barges Dutch families gazed at us wonderingly. The man of the family, pipe in mouth, sprawled on deck, and the kiddies dangled their feet in the water. The song of birds filled the air and buds were bursting on every tree. The sky was the softest blue. New York, with its bustle and roar, seemed nearer war than this lazy land of fresh spring sweetness.

But we had no time for loitering. We dashed from the ship to the railroad station. There was just two hours before the conference at eight.

When we reached The Hague we found wild confusion. That city was full of Belgian refugees. There were few vacancies at hotels. At every street corner one encountered cabs filled with women delegates madly driving from one



AT THE HAGUE

hotel to another. Eventually we all found shelter, but there was no time for dinner. We set off immediately for the great meeting hall. When we arrived an important looking official waved us sternly back. We had n't stopped for tickets. But we stood our ground and shouted to a Dutch woman beyond the entrance, "We are the Americans."

Instantly she was upon us. "Oh," she cried, as she grasped our hands, "I'm so glad you're alive and not blown up, or at the bottom of the sea. We didn't know what had happened." Then she led us triumphantly inside.

It was a gay, if hungry, American delegation that burst upon the meeting. As Jane Addams mounted the platform and the audience realized we had come, they broke into tumultuous applause. The place was crowded. People stood everywhere. Seventeen women sat on the platform, representing many different nations. The opening address was made by a Hollander, and the first speech delivered by a German.

From the beginning the object of the congress was made plain. It was not to stop war, but to protest against war and to lay plans for future peace. For the first time in history, a band of


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women from belligerent and neutral nations had organized. They had risen above war's hatred and grasped hands, as women and mothers.

We went back that night to our scattered dwellings full of fine courage. The moon shone down upon us. The canals shimmered in the moonlight. The Hague seemed a haven of rest and strength. But next morning we saw a sight that made war a reality. On the green plain in front of the assembly hall thousands of young men were being drilled. All Holland was mobilizing. While a thousand women in a big hall were discussing ways to save life, across the street thousands of men were learning how to take life.

It was a mixed company who attended the conference. The diversity was not in ideas, but in careers and temperaments. There were rich and poor, the cold reserved people of the North, and the fiery passionate people of the South. There were women lawyers and women dress-makers, artists and stenographers, reformers and journalists, and many just plain mothers. These women had come together in spite of difficulties over mine-strewn seas and past frontier searches.

Perhaps the Belgian delegates made the most



AT THE HAGUE

dramatic group. Their path had bristled with difficulties. They had had to get passports from the enemy. The first German appealed to was obdurate, but an official higher up was sought. The sturdy, determined, and energetic Mademoiselle Hammer would not be denied. "We wish to attend a women's congress. It is important; you must let us pass," is what she said. Her courage won the day. But the difficulties were not over. The Belgian train service was inadequate. The first of the journey had to be made in a borrowed automobile. After a while this was stopped, then the women descended and marched for two hours with heavy suitcases. Finally the frontier was reached. Then came a search. At last after weary hours of waiting and travel the Belgians arrived triumphant. The word that they were in the hall spread like wild fire. They were invited to the platform. Up they went to fill the vacant chairs next to the German delegation. The house rose in excitement. Then it broke into frantic applause. Handkerchiefs and hats were waved madly and the air was filled with cries of "Bravo." For in spite of our diversity, one bond held all together — the belief in the sacredness of life.

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Under the inspiration of a great ideal, under Miss Addams's gentle and wise guidance, under the soft beauty of Holland, our differing personalities and nationalities intermingled. Each morning we worked together; each afternoon we talked and walked and played together and each evening we heard one another speak.

And every day incidents occurred which were pregnant with meaning. On one occasion Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence of England invited Dr. Augsburg and Fräulein Heyman of Germany to dine. A gasp went 'round the dining-room as this little group entered. I was one of the party and heard what was said. "We ought, of course, to get out of Belgium," said the Germans, "but then when you judge us, remember that England is in many places she ought not to be."

"Yes," said the Englishman and woman, "there is, for instance, the Rock of Gibraltar. We have no right there. Some day that rock must go back to its rightful owners." For hours those amazing people talked in great friendliness. They readjusted the world. They did it on the basis of justice, instead of diplomacy. At the close of the evening the Englishman escorted the German ladies to their car and gaily



AT THE HAGUE

waved his hat in farewell. Such examples had their effect. Soon each was trying to outdo the other in tolerance.

This did not mean a lack of sympathy for the Allies — on the contrary. For instance, Holland's position was thus stated by a little Dutch woman: "When the war broke out, our hearts were with Germany. We have German blood in our veins. The Queen's husband is a German, and the mouth of the Rhine lies in our land. But after a while a change came. Belgian refugees poured into our land. My town of six thousand inhabitants had four hundred to care for. I had five of them in my house. They told tales. We came to dread German autocracy and militarism. We are a free people. We believe in democracy. Before the war three hundred thousand men and women signed a petition for woman suffrage. That's a big number for this little land. Gradually the Queen's attitude has changed in spite of her German husband. Her ministers have made her fear Germany. If Holland went to war to-day it would be with the Allies. We would rather risk English domination than endure German militarism." So spoke this gray-haired, middle-aged

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Dutchwoman. Then she added, gazing dreamily at her peaceful land: "Of course, if trouble came, we could open our dikes. But we don't want war. Recently there was a call for a hundred thousand additional volunteers. Only ninety men from the big city of Amsterdam responded. No — Holland does n't want war."

Such personal talks were as illuminating as the congress, and as the days glided by we grew ever closer together. The beauty of Holland made us mellow. Overhead the sky was always blue; gay tulips filled the land with color; the air was fragrant with the scent of flowers. Outer dissimilarities merged in the universal. The ties of love, motherhood, and future welfare held.

Only once was the note of nationalism struck as against internationalism. The program from the beginning had centered on plans for future peace. All had agreed that small nations must be insured their integrity, that there must be freedom of the seas, that trade must be free to all, that future disputes must be settled by some kind of international coöperation and agreement. On these matters there was perfect accord — accord in spite of difference in language, for



THE AMERICAN AMBULANCE AT NEUILLY
The Author Is the Nurse in the Rear



AT THE HAGUE

every speech had to be put into three tongues — French, English, and German. It was not until the war itself was discussed that there came a rift. That the war should be discussed was inevitable. Day by day, as we sat side by side, we had learned of the suffering in war-ridden lands. Black-clad wives had made speeches. Sorrowing mothers had shown their agony. The battle-field became a reality, covered with dead and dying sons and husbands. These glimpses of tragedy wrung our hearts. We ceased to be enemies or friends. We were just women. All preconceived plans vanished. There grew an urgent need to do something. It was then the following motion was presented: “Be it resolved that this congress urge the governments of the world to put an end to bloodshed and begin negotiations for peace.” On the instant came that note of nationalism. The Belgian delegation rose to its feet. What did peace mean? Surely not that the Belgians would be a subject race. Out from their tortured hearts came the cry, “*Je suis Belge avant tout.*” Sympathy throbbed in our hearts. Eagerly we explained. A peace founded on justice was our dream. “Would we,” they asked, “insert the word just before ‘peace’?” Gladly

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the suggestion was accepted. Both England and Germany voted for the amendment.

Such were the women who made up the congress. Such were the things they said. But as the days came for departure, a restlessness grew visible. The suffering of war had laid its hold on the delegates. They wanted something more than mere resolutions—they wanted immediate action. To go quietly home had become impossible. Then a member rose to her feet. "We can't stop here," she begged. "We have demonstrated our solidarity, but there is something greater. We must demonstrate that moral courage is greater than physical. We must have courage to call for the end of war now. Courage to think of no one but the dying men on the battle-field, who turn their glazed eyes to us seeking help. Courage to say not one more shall be killed. Courage to say we can't wait — we must have peace now. Courage to carry this demand personally from nation to nation." This was her plea. Sobs broke from grief-stricken mothers. Tears streamed down faces. Women were stirred past utterance. No vote was needed to carry this motion. The audience rose as one.

So ended the congress, but these meetings were



AT THE HAGUE

but the preliminary steps. In a few days Jane Addams with two other women started on her pilgrimage. She was to bear the women's message from nation to nation.

What effect this meeting of women will have, who can tell? Idealistic, impractical, it may have been, but little it was not. While war rages, force reigns on earth and we forget it is ideas that made that force possible. But ideas can also create good-will. No thought sent out into the world dies. The future lies in our hands. It is for us to mold it.

CHAPTER III

UNDER THE LID IN WAR-CURSED BERLIN

June, 1915.

"DON'T go," said the American embassy at The Hague. "Americans are not wanted. You may get into trouble."

I packed my bag with beating heart. Go I would — for why live unless adventure? But I spoke no German. How could it be managed? My head was full of tales of hardship and imprisonment. The *Lusitania* had just been sunk. I had never been to Germany. Berlin was a strange city.

I pinned my little American flag and my Hague Peace Congress badge on the lapel of my coat. My passport I tucked in my pocket. With a small hand-bag and no printed or written word I started forth.

Fortunately a Hungarian newspaperwoman whom I had met, traveled by the same train. We were an ill-assorted pair — she, petite and



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feminine and full of gay, light humor; I, serious, clad in business clothes with many capacious pockets. "*Mon mari*," she called me. "*Ma femme*" proved a very useful person. She spoke five languages. Born in Russia with French ancestors, living in Paris, and married to a Hungarian, her heart was with the Allies. Life in Budapest was difficult. She dreaded return. But her glib German tongue and Hungarian marriage made her *persona grata* in Germany.

Her flirtation with the passport officials at the frontier let us through with smiles and an invitation to wait over a train.

Before the border was reached, I had hidden my American flag. It was not wise to speak English. This made me very helpless. I persuaded my companion to stop off with me in Berlin.

It was a long, tedious day's journey. The German pasture lands were empty — no people, men or women, anywhere, and no cattle. But it was Sunday. Perhaps that was the reason.

When we had secured rooms at a hotel we started forth to see the city. A passing throng filled the Friedrichstrasse, but half were soldiers. Every fifth person was in mourning or

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wore a black band upon the sleeve. The faces in the electric light looked pale and tense. There was much talk, but no laughter.

50 gr.

**Nur gegen Abgabe der
Brotmarke!**



In 1915 one piece of bread was served in the restaurants in a paper envelope marked as above.

Every now and then one caught the word *Lusitania*. Only the day before the steamship had been sunk.

I clung to my companion. We talked in whispers. Once or twice an English word between us caught the ear of a passer-by, who turned, flushed and angry, to glare upon me. I soon

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ceased speaking. In the restaurant I made wild guesses and pointed at dishes on the menu and uttered no sound. I felt as I had during my

276 / **Tagesbrotkarte**
 Nr. 751845

Brot, Zwieback oder
 mit Mehl hergestellter Kuchen
 darf nur gegen Vorlegung
 der Karte und Abgabe eines
 sprechender Unterscheine ent-
 nommen werden.

Name des Gasthauses:

Hotel Reichshof A.-G. Hamburg

Unverkäuflich.



Tag der Geltung:

Rückseite beachten!

18 Aug.

25 g	25 g	25 g	25 g
Brot	Brot	Brot	Brot

A facsimile of a bread card used in 1916. Two of the little checks secured one roll.

voluntary week in prison, when under the hostile and unfriendly eyes of the matrons.

The hotel had given us "bread-cards." With these we secured some black and sour-tasting

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bread, done up in sealed paper packages. Under her breath my companion confided that Hungary was worse off than Germany. Hungary was nearly breadless. Germany had bought Hungary's flour supply.

"A fine ally, Germany," continued my companion, "little she cares for us. She doesn't even trust us. Every letter mailed in Berlin to Budapest is opened and read; Germany is wonderful, but I hate the people."

Next morning we started out to find a place where English was tolerated, for my companion could not stay on. We hunted up some German-Americans who had invited American women peace delegates to come to Berlin. Their hospitality was boundless. I was to be a guest and passed from hand to hand. I saw my freedom vanishing, but was powerless.

The German-Americans had planned the conversion of every American. I was seized upon as the missionary seizes the cannibal. I tried to extricate myself. Bitter little taunts were thrust at me. Did I fear starvation, or the barbarians? Eventually I capitulated. I was to have one more night at the hotel with my gay friend before her departure.



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That night we went to the Winter Garden. The place was filled with soldiers. One feature of the performance was a series of living tableaux depicting war. They were intended to inspire wild patriotism.

But the soldiers were silent; only a mild applause greeted the effort. One scene, symbolic of stupendous heroism — the last soldier firing the last shot — was received in grim silence.

All Berlin is grim and tense. People pass and repass on the street. The shops are open, life goes on. But there is no genial friendliness, no lingering over a glass of beer, no bit of gay song. Everywhere there are gray, dusty, and worn uniforms. When a troop of soldiers pass, their faces are pale, their feet drag. The goose-step has vanished.

With the departure of my companion, I settled down in a German home, a modest *ménage*, but every detail perfect. All Germany runs without friction.

My host is a university professor, his wife an American. They are all hospitality, but their jealousy torments me. I am the heathen whose soul must be saved.

From the day of my arrival to the moment of

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my departure, we have but one topic of conversation — Germany's virtues and America's sins. A great pity seizes me for this tragic couple. Their thin, pallid faces bespeak wracked nerves and tortured souls. Under the domination of a Government they adore, they dare not criticize. To question would be to shatter their world. German culture, German art, the Government, Bismarck, the Kaiser, the invasion of Belgium, the sinking of the *Lusitania* — in all things Germany is wisdom and righteousness. Surrounded by enemies, wicked monsters, Germany, the perfect, is fighting for its life. Better a thousand times that the *Lusitania* be sunk and Americans killed than let American bullets reach the Allies to inflict death on German soldiers.

"American bullets"—hourly the phrase is flung in my face.

My protest that as a peace delegate I am fighting for the prohibition of traffic in arms and the limitation of their manufacture to the Government, brings no relief. Upon some one must the pent-up fury and hate for despicable America be poured!

I feel like a drowning man being slowly pressed down, down, under the waves. But pity for this



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tragic couple gives me patience. Behind the ostentatious display of bread and the sneering allusions to "starvation" and "barbarity," I see fear and bitterness bred of fear.

The man is forty and frail. Yet in a few days he must report for duty to the army. A question and a dread has crept into the heart of the German people:

"What if we should not win?"

The grain supplies are running low. Not only bread, but fodder for the animals, is lacking. The cattle are being killed and put in cold storage to save the expense of feeding. The few cab horses in Berlin fall in the street from hunger. In all trains are printed the following "Ten Commandments":

- (1.) Don't eat more than necessary. Don't eat between meals.
- (2.) Consider bread sacred. Use every little piece. Dry bread makes good soup.
- (3.) Be economical with butter and fat. Use jam instead of butter. Most of the fat we get from abroad.
- (4.) Use milk and cheese.
- (5.) Use much sugar. Sugar is nourishing.
- (6.) Boil potatoes with the skins on; then nothing is lost in peeling.
- (7.) Drink less beer and alcohol; then the supply of rye from which these are made will be greater.
- (8.) Eat vegetables and fruit. Plant vegetables in every

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little piece of earth. Be economical with preserved vegetables.

(9.) Gather all you don't eat for the animals.

(10.) Cook with gas and coke. The ashes from coke make good fertilizer.

Moral — Obey these ten commandments and economize for the Fatherland. The rich must also follow these commandments.

With the fresh crops has come renewed strength. But when the fall comes, what is to be done? There is no longer a canning industry, for there is no tin.

In such an atmosphere of depression and suppression my free American spirit suffocates. I plan an escape. Somewhere in Berlin are free, fearless souls. These I must find. My hosts fear to have me venture out alone. One of the American peace delegates was driven by an angry mob from a tram car for speaking English.

I take my map and study it. I have the addresses of some Social Democrats. How get to them? My hosts do not tolerate such people.

Then I remember the American embassy and a young man friend. I plead a luncheon engagement. This seems safe, and in a cab, unaccompanied, I escape. To my countryman I explain my predicament. All absences are to be accounted for by him.



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Then alone, map in hand, I start out. I walk many weary blocks slinking along side streets and avoid the complications of tram-car conversations. I seem to be living in the days of conspiracies and dime novels. And truly I am, for day by day the plot thickens.

I am received with open arms by the rebel women, and at once nick-named the "criminal." In them I find the Germans I sought. Free, fearless people, *whose love for the Fatherland is so great that they dare protest!*

But these women are momentarily in danger. Their gatherings are secret. We meet in out-of-the-way places. I find that my telephone messages are intercepted; that a perfectly harmless letter is never delivered. I am watched. It is hard to believe. Surely I have dropped back into the Middle Ages. I have to pinch myself to realize I am an American, living in the twentieth century.

Such innocent affairs, these clandestine meetings. Mere discussion of ways to protest against war and work for peace. True, we denounce the invasion of Belgium, declare that Germany began the war, and speak with loathing of the militarist spirit. But what American does n't?

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The most revolutionary talk is uttered by a gray-haired woman, the mother of grown children. A burning flame, this woman; her face stamped with world suffering, her eyes the tragic eyes of a Jane Addams. In a secluded corner of a restaurant she whispers the great heresy:

"Germany's salvation lies in Germany's defeat. If Germany wins when so many of her progressive young men have been slain, the people will be crushed in the grip of the mailed fist."

To this woman, democracy is greater than any national triumph. With her I discussed the collapse of the Social Democrats in the hour of need, the victory of nationalism over internationalism. She attributes it to military training. During man's period of military service he becomes a Thing. Automatically, he acquires habits of obedience, is reduced to an unquestioning machine. Mechanically, when the call came, the Social Democrats fell into line with the others.

But with time has come thought, and knowledge; knowledge that in the first instance Germany's war was not one of self-defense. But it is now too late to rebel. Most of the Social



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Democrats are at the front. From month to month they have put off protest as unwise.

Only Liebknecht has made himself heard. Now he has been caught up in the iron hand and sent out to battle.

But women escaped the spell of militarism. While the Government rejoiced at the submission of its Socialist men, the women grew active. Organizing a party of their own they fought bravely.

Last fall Rosa Luxembourg dashed into the street and addressed a regiment of soldiers.

"Don't go to war, don't shoot your brothers!" she cried.

For this offense she was sent to prison for a year. To-day she lies in solitary confinement. But her suffering only inspired the others. In the month of March seven hundred and fifty women walked to the Reichstag. At the entrance they halted. As the members entered they shouted:

"We will have no more war. We will have peace!"

Quickly the police dispersed them, and the order went forth that no newspaper print one word about the protest.

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Still the women work on. On the eighth of April an International Socialist Woman's Congress was held at Berne, Switzerland. Ten nations were represented, including all the belligerents.

The task of peace propaganda in Germany is gigantic. Neither by letter nor by press can news be spread. Both are censored. The work must be carried on by spoken word, passed from mouth to mouth. The courage of the little band of women I had met was stupendous. Through them I learned to love Germany. My life in Berlin was a double one. I ate and slept and was unregenerate in one part of town, and really lived only when I escaped from "respectability," and, strange contradiction of terms, became — a "criminal" fighting for peace!

But wherever I was, one fact grew omnipresent, the magnificent organization of Germany. Here lay the country's power and her weakness. Her power because it made Germany a solid unit. There were no weak links in the chain. Her weakness because it robbed her people of individuality, made them cogs in a machine.

Even in the midst of war Germany is superbly run. The lawns are weedless, the flower-beds



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wonderful. The streets are clean. The tasks the able-bodied men left are performed by women, children, and old men. Nothing is neglected. I went through Berlin's biggest hospital. It was marvelous. There was every apparatus that mind can conceive, or science invent. The building was beautiful, the lawns gay with jonquils and tulips. Little portable houses had been erected to care for the wounded. Seventeen of the staff's doctors have gone to the front, but seventeen women physicians have taken their places. Everything is as before. Germany's discipline is perfect. The German people do not reason and wonder why, for them there is only to do and die. Everywhere you feel the relentlessness of force and the power of organization.

As I walked through the Thiergarten one afternoon, I became conscious of a great rushing buzzing noise. Directly over my head and quite low was a great Zeppelin. I thanked heaven I was in Berlin and not Paris. The Germans are very busy with their Zeppelins. Just outside Berlin is a little wooden city, built to give airships practice in hurling bombs. Men toiling for years have erected wonder-cities like Berlin, and now

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other men are practising day and night how to destroy such a city in a day. What a travesty! It is common talk in Germany that they have at last discovered a bomb that, once ignited, cannot be put out by water. If so, heaven help us!

For Germany will never give in. She will fight to her last man. If pushed to the wall, all the bitterness and fear that have crept into the nation will be directed toward a gigantic effort to blow up the world. Germany no longer cares whom she hurts — like an unloved child at bay, she means to smash and kill. The pity of it! Never was there a more generous, soft-hearted, kindly people. Germany, the land of the Christmas-tree, and folk songs, and fireside, and gay childish laughter, turned into a relentless fighting machine! But each individual is merely a cog firmly fixed in the national machine, and will go on obediently as long as the ruling power turns the crank.

It was with infinite relief that I made my departure one morning. The tragedy of Germany had eaten into my soul. As I waited on the platform for my train, carloads of soldiers came and went.

One great trainful paused for some moments

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while the men drank coffee. A great desire seized me to call out to these men, to beg them not to go. Then I remembered Rosa Luxembourg, realized my impotence, knew I could accomplish nothing, and resolutely turned my back.

Then my train came, and I sped on into Holland. Suddenly life changed. I could speak and smile. Friendly eyes greeted me. I was no longer an outcast. From the car window I saw a subtle change had taken place in the landscape. In Germany there were no cattle in the pastures, and a few women tilled the ground. Now the meadows were full of sleek, fat cows. The peasants in the fields were singing. As we steamed through little cities all was bustle and activity. The horses looked well fed. People sat leisurely in front of cafés drinking beer. Normal life had come again. Vividly it came to me that Germany is being grievously hurt.

CHAPTER IV

LONDON AND THE SUFFRAGETTES

July and August, 1915.

CROSSING the Channel in war time has drawbacks. The only available boat from Holland to England was small and tossed violently. First-, second-, and third-class passengers mingled together on deck and were jointly ill. German aëroplanes flew over our heads as we left Flushing and filled us with apprehension. Toward late afternoon we sighted the English coast. I had come from Germany. My bag and trunk were full of journalist's notes. Would the English officials detain me? But my American passport and my English-speaking tongue won favor. In Germany I had felt an outcast, in England I became part of the population.

I took train from Tilbury to London. Printed notices greeted one in every carriage. "Passengers will lower shades after dark, as any light will aid enemy Zeppelins!" It was nine o'clock



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when I reached London. A blackness, like a dense fog, enveloped the city. Overhead the stars shone, but underfoot only a thin yellow lane of light from shaded street lamps illumined the road. London at night had dropped back centuries. It was the London of Shakespeare. One would not have been surprised to be halted with the cry, "Who goes there?"

When I reached my destination, I saw large wooden boxes filled with sand, standing on each landing. Over each box was a notice, "Use the sand to extinguish fire in case of falling bombs."

Such is London at night, but daylight tells another story. I am awakened by a cheerful band. London outwardly has the appearance of a city on a holiday. Smiling, ruddy soldiers tramp up and down the street. Flags float from nearly every building. A little cockney urchin, as she hurries after a gay procession, remarks: "Ain't London grand these days! It's like being at the seashore all the time."

Attractive-looking young women and men in khaki stand on the street corners, soliciting recruits. Gaudy posters, urgent appeals to the manhood of the country, decorate every house, fence, and taxi. The glory of the English army,

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the joy of enlistment, is told in picture and story. Camp life on wind-swept hills, with good food and exercise and twenty-one shillings a week for wife and child, say the posters, is to be had for the asking.

The stay-at-home begins to feel he is missing a great adventure. The danger of war is minimized. It is pointed out it is dangerous to live in London. One poster with a picture of a Zeppelin poised over defenseless London reads, "Better face bullets at the front, than a bomb at home."

Securing an army by advertising is costly, but volunteer recruits make good soldiers. The English Tommy goes, willing and smiling, to battle. This kind of soldier is hard to beat. England lacks not in fighting-men, but in munition. The Government may be running into bankruptcy, but the people are thriving. The almshouses are emptying. Work can be had. The police courts are almost idle. Never was London so crowded. There are few private automobiles, but many taxis and motor-cycles. To cross the street is hazardous. Traffic is often blocked. Money flows freely. Prices are high, but there is little unemployment.

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Men go to the front and women fill vacant places. Soldiers' wives can pay rent and buy clothes. Women occupying men's places spend twice what they did formerly. Girls run elevators, punch tickets, and act as post-office clerks. Outside one store a girl in high boots and rubber hat and coat calls taxis.

Poverty has n't disappeared, but poverty is on the decrease. War has fallen heaviest on the middle class, the employers, the suppliers of luxuries, the barristers. Hotels, hairdressing parlors, and tourist agencies suffer. England's richest and poorest are dying at the front, but the stay-at-home wage-earner spends his money and prospers.

The Government has entered into many socialistic ventures; it runs the railroads and will soon control the coal mines; it settles labor disputes and supervises the saloon. Drunkenness is decreasing. Measures have been passed in a day under war pressure that conservative England would have fought over for years. "We'll change back after the war," is the comment.

England is learning through war that men are as valuable as property and must be fed and clothed. Nor is this the only lesson. Count-

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esses and duchesses daily turn over their automobiles to wounded soldiers. Classes mix, barriers fall.' But the day of voluntary service and idealism is passing — the cabinet begins to call for conscription. The National Registration Act has been passed.

Newspapers and cabinet dwell on the selfishness of the working-man. The worker must be taught to take war seriously. He must be made to bleed and die for the country.

The Government's newest ally is Mrs. Pankhurst and a portion of the militant suffragettes. One day as I passed Trafalgar Square it was crowded. Mrs. Drummond from the foot of the monument was pleading for volunteers and munition workers. "We have given up our fight for the vote; we think only of our country. There is a time for everything; to-day is the time for sacrifices. You must be content with half-pay. There must be no strikes. You must suffer for England." This in substance is her speech. The crowd moves uneasily. Occasionally there is half-hearted applause, but many faces express mute protest.

These suffragettes have betrayed the woman's cause. Formerly they defended the down-trod-



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den, now they side with autocracy, hoping so to win the vote after the war. Not content with speaking, Mrs. Pankhurst organized a woman's procession. Every newspaper advertised the event. One daily, which formerly scorned suffrage, gave a page to the cause. There was a drizzling rain the day of the procession. I stood on the curbstone to watch it pass. For twenty-eight minutes a stream of women four abreast filed by. There were five thousand — not fifty thousand, as the papers stated. Most of the marchers were shop and factory girls. They had been gathered in from byways and hedges. Many did not know why they marched. There were few real suffragettes. Four times I was urged to fall in line. The spectators were silent. They had no words of encouragement for this demonstration of patriotism. Each knew it was a farce. Eighty thousand women are registered, but the Government has only employed thirty-five hundred. Each knew a million women workers could be had for a living wage.

Mrs. Pankhurst by her tactics has split the Woman's Suffrage Political Union. Some members were openly rebellious. They walked up and down and distributed a leaflet, printed in

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suffragette colors and headed "Votes-for Women," which read: "The procession to-day is not composed of suffragettes, though Mrs. Pankhurst is leading it and using the Votes-for-Women offices to organize it. The W. S. P. U. was founded to demand the enfranchisement of women, a demand not made *less* but *more* urgent by this war."

With very different emotion I viewed Sylvia Pankhurst's procession. Sylvia does not speak to her mother or to her sister, Crystabel. Sylvia is the leader of a forlorn cause. Neither newspapers nor public paid heed to her little army. They marched at night through a dark and silent London. They bore flashing torches. Women who had worked all day, mothers with babies, trudged seven miles to protest against conscription, against national registration, against voteless women being used by the Government for any and all purposes at any pay. Up the Strand they came, a little band of four hundred, ragged and weary. I found myself unconsciously falling into line. A woman carrying a baby trudged at my side. "It is n't mine," she explained, "but the mother is one of the leaders." Her face was white with fatigue, but



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her arms clasped the child lovingly. She herself was soon to be a mother. I took the baby from her and slung it across my shoulder. So we proceeded up the Strand and down Whitehall to the Houses of Parliament. Just opposite these great buildings we halted. Here was the meeting hall.

In flocked the little company, and then came real speeches from real working women:

“Our men have gone to war. They are fighting for England, we must keep England a place worth fighting for. Women must not take men’s places at reduced wages. This will mean hardship for the men when they return. Employers will keep the women rather than raise wages. This will mean sex war and revolution. This must not be. We must keep up the wage standard. We must not let the Government own us body and soul. The world says it is fighting Prussianism. But each day of war our government grows more autocratic. Let us fight to keep Prussianism out of England. England must remain the land of freedom.” So spoke this heroic band.

My little woman had come back for the baby.

“You will ride home?” I said.

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"Yes," she replied. "But some can't — they have n't a penny for carfare."

Germany is the land of paternalism and autocracy. The Germans are better housed, better fed, better organized, than in other nations. These benefits are conferred from above. Such a system produces obedience but kills initiative. English workers are not as well off, physically, but intellectually they are free. They make progress through their own efforts. They are self-reliant and strong. Ultimately the system of freedom will conquer the one of autocracy. Therefore England must be kept free. The average Englishman knows this. He watches with dismay his government growing aggressive and militaristic.

As yet the Government has not gone far. It has its hand on the pulse of the people and it feels rebellion. It declares strikes illegal, but ultimately decides in favor of the coal mine strikers. Never was England more awake, more alive, more conscious of her destiny. The brave and smiling Tommy, the prosperous worker, the bustle and activity of London, the friendliness of the people, build a strong country. Germany may win untold battles, but she cannot conquer a



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prosperous, democratic, conscriptionless England.

But as I write I remember a scene on a street corner and grow apprehensive. It is a recruiting meeting. A sturdy British soldier is calling for volunteers. He does not appeal, he commands. He sees a likely looking young chap in the crowd. He points him out and orders him front. The lad is reluctant, but the crowd push him forward. The soldier feels of the boy and begins to bully. Taunts of cowardice are used until the lad yields. But it is equipment rather than more men that are needed.

Such methods are ugly. The Englishman dislikes them. England criticizes its rulers. This worries the Government and it attempts suppression. An eloquent pacifist is arrested. But the people continue to talk of peace. They do not as a mass hate Germany. They view Germany as a brutal man who has knocked a woman down. The woman must be protected. But beyond protection the average Englishman does not wish to go. He does not want to smash and kill.

The other day two or three thousand volunteers marched down Charing Cross Road. The

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'bus on which I rode kept pace with the soldiers. From doorways and windows people leaned, to see the men pass. Girls smiled and waved, little gifts were tossed and caught, a cheerful chaff and banter was kept up along the route. From neither the onlookers nor the soldiers was there any expression of patriotism, no cheers — no applause. The onlookers seemed to say: "This war is nasty business. It's got to be put through. We wish you luck. You are brave to go, but we wish there was some other solution."

And the soldiers seemed to answer: "We hate it, too, but each man must do his bit. If we don't get killed, we're not badly off. You need n't think us heroes."

This attitude may not be a thrilling one, but it is steady and safe. If freedom and democracy are kept alive England cannot be beaten.

At night searchlights flash over London. They search the sky for invading Zeppelins; but by day a cheerful people fulfil their tasks.

CHAPTER V

NURSING THE WOUNDED IN PARIS

I WANTED to see France. The land of the battle-field would be revealing. Germany was grim, bitter, reckless, and determined; England busy and outwardly normal. What should I find in France — a land inhabited by the enemy?

Each day passport regulations grew more rigid. England is easy to enter but hard to leave. The English army captain at Folkestone viewed my passport with disfavor. It showed the stamp of the Woman's Peace Congress at The Hague and my visit to Germany. He frowned and looked at me sternly. Suddenly his eye lighted on the lapel of my coat. My heart sank. In my buttonhole was a peace button, a memento of The Hague congress. I had forgotten to remove it. "You're a dangerous woman," he said — "I can't let you pass."

One by one my lucky fellow travelers success-



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fully emerged with stamped passports. The Channel steamer began to puff and snort. I must get to Paris. Furtively I watched the English captain. I took the peace button from my coat—a little blue disc, on it in letters of white the word "Peace." What a topsy-turvy world! A bomb labeled "For the Kaiser," would have proclaimed me a safe person, while a peace button made me "a dangerous woman." Suddenly I laughed. Going to the captain I held out the button. "See," I said, "I'll give it to you." He tried to be stern, but his humor got the best of him. His mouth twitched, but he straightened up and said severely, "If you speak one word of peace, I'll have you arrested." You never can tell what will satisfy passport officials. Humor and a letter from the "English Nation" testifying I had written an article on Germany won the day, when a letter of introduction signed by Secretary of State Lansing failed.

I smiled my good-bys to the English captain and dashed on the boat, as it moved into the Channel.

It was late evening when I reached Paris. There was not a ray of light in the street when I



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stepped from the cab to my lodging place; in that one glance I knew Paris was no longer Paris. The next day I began to explore. I sat at sidewalk cafés and watched the people. The lightness, the gaiety, the bubbling laughter and song have vanished. The Opera House sparkled in the sunshine, the driver's whip snapped; the streets were crowded, but a shadow lay across the city. Sorrowing black-clad people filled the streets. I saw that practically every woman was in mourning. And the men, where were they? Gray-haired men drove cabs, white-haired, bent-shouldered waiters served drinks; but straight, upstanding young men there were none. A one-legged Turk, scarcely more than a boy, went hustling by on crutches with an empty red trouser-leg flapping aimlessly. Paris is full of cripples. Legless, armless, blind men, all young, passed in a steady stream. Every able-bodied man in France under forty-eight has gone to war. Unceasingly gray auto-ambulances emblazoned with red crosses dash by, bearing their burdens to hospitals all over Paris. Cripples, widows and ambulances — these are the dominant notes.

France says little and does much. She is



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proud; she is heroic; she fights on. But the heart and life of France is being crushed. It is impossible to see this and do nothing. I offer my services as assistant nurse at the American ambulance and am accepted. At eight every morning a hospital car takes me to the American ambulance where I work until six. It is a busy life. At first I turn in horror from those swollen, red, raw, pus-flowing wounds, occupying the place of an arm or leg or a portion of a face. But in twenty-four hours I am dressing these wounds, self-forgotten. It is good to be working instead of waiting—waiting for unknown horrors. But when a man's wound heals and his strength returns I rebel at sending him back to battle. Is the labor all to be lost? Faster than women can save, men go out and kill. Fortunately, or unfortunately, not many men leave the ambulance for the front. Generally they have been too terribly wounded. They come to us with the jaw and lower face blown away or a lung ripped. But science is marvelous. Ribs are cut from the patient and new jaws made, arms, legs and eyes amputated, and artificial ones substituted. The ambulance loses by death but six per cent. of its cases, yet only one in ten of



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the men in my ward will be able to return to the front. This accounts for the endless procession of cripples.

On the second morning as I hurry down a long hospital corridor I see a familiar face. A short, dark-haired, dark-eyed young man is coming toward me. He is one of the wounded and his right arm is gone. His eye catches mine. He stops, bewildered. Then comes recognition. It is Zeni Peshkoff — Maxime Gorki's adopted son. Eight years ago when this man was a boy I had known him in America. I grasp the left hand and my eyes drop before the empty right sleeve. But Zeni Peshkoff is still gay, laughing Zeni. He makes light of his trouble. Not until later do I understand the terrible suffering there is from the missing arm or realize how he struggles to use that which is not. Peshkoff had been in the trenches for months. He had been through battles and bayonet charges and escaped unhurt, but at last his day came. A bursting shell destroyed the right arm. He knew the danger, and struggling to his feet, walked from the battle-field. With the left hand he supported the bleeding, broken right arm. As he stumbled back past trenches full of German prisoners his



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plight was so pitiful, his pluck so great, that instinctively these men saluted. At the Place de Secours eight hundred wounded had been brought in. There were accommodations for one hundred and fifty.

All night young Peshkoff lay unattended, for there were others worse hurt. Gangrene developed, and he watched it spread from fingers to hand and from hand to arm. In the morning a friendly lieutenant noticed him. "There's one chance," he said, "and that's a hospital. If you can walk, come with me." Slowly young Peshkoff arose. Half fainting he dressed and went with the lieutenant — first by taxi to the train and then twelve torturing hours to Paris. As the hours passed the gangrene crept higher and higher. The sick man grew giddy with fever. At each station his carriage companions, fearing death, wished to leave him upon the platform. But the lieutenant was firm. The one chance for life was the hospital. Finally Paris was reached; a waiting ambulance rushed him to the hospital. Immediately he was taken to the operating room and the arm amputated. A half hour more and his life could not have been saved. But this dramatic incident is only one of many.



Zeni Peshekov, Adopted Son of Maxim Gorki, Who Lost His Right Arm



A Wounded French Soldier and His Mother





NURSING THE WOUNDED IN PARIS

The pluck of the average soldier is unbelievable. Operations are accepted without question. There are no protests—only the murmured “*C’est la guerre, que voulez-vous?*”

The wounded do not like to talk war. Their experiences have been too terrible. They try to forget. War is no longer a series of gallant deeds; it is a matter of bursting shells. One man with leg blown off had never even seen the enemy. Bayonet charges after months of waiting are almost a relief. But a normal man does not enjoy running his bayonet into his fellow-man. It can be done only under intense excitement. Self-defense and stimulants are the aids.

Only one soldier spoke with gusto of the Germans he had killed. This man had had his lower face shot away. A wounded German lying on the ground had risen on his elbow and shot him. “Then,” said the Frenchman, “I took my bayonet and ran him clear through.” He said: “Ugh, I ran him through again and he was dead.” To most men those bayonet charges are like mad dreams.

I asked Zeni Peshkoff, socialist, what his sensations were when he went out to kill. “It did n’t seem real, it does n’t now. Before my



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last charge the lieutenant and I were filled with the beauty of the night. We sat gazing at the stars. Then the command came and we rushed forward. It did not seem possible I was killing human beings." It is this unreality that sustains men. Germans are not human beings — only the enemy. For the wounded French soldier will tell you he loathes war and longs for peace. He fights for one object — a permanent peace. He fights to save his children from fighting.

"Have you any children?" I asked one soldier. "No, thank God," is the reply. "But why?" "Because," comes the fierce answer, "if I had a son I would rather he deserted than see what I have seen." This man is not unusual. The soldiers — not the women — are beginning to say: "We will have no more children unless there is no more war."

In the hospital the truth is spoken. No soldier wants to go back to battle. Yet he goes and every man in France goes willingly. What else is there to do? The enemy is in the land and must be driven out. It may be the Frenchman will smash himself and his house, but as he says with a significant shrug, "*C'est la guerre, que*



NURSING THE WOUNDED IN PARIS

voulez-vous?” How often that phrase struck my ears. In the operating room, at the death-bed, in the presence of hundreds of little white crosses on a bloody battle-field, wearily, cynically, despairingly, I hear the voice of the soldier proclaiming, “*C’est la guerre, que voulez vous?*”

Yet out of the suffering of war has come gentleness. Ready hands help one another. Strangers talk in the street. Wherever I go my little red cross sign of the hospital wins favor. A torn skirt is humbly mended on bended knees, and when I offer a fee the money is pushed back into my hands with the words, “*Pour les blessées.*” This is the language of the women — “*pour les blessées.*” No service is too great for the wounded. Weeping women stop to tell each other their stories. Vainly I search for signs of heartlessness or gaiety. The Montmartre district is closed. The paint is peeling from the front of the Moulin Rouge, and the theater door sags on its hinges. The Folies Bergères was open and I went there. But it was a dreary performance — no lightness, no gay little jokes, no evening dresses. Even the street women wore black and plied their trade cheerlessly. I remember the conversation of my neighbors in a



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restaurant. Unknown woman to soldier home on leave, "Can't you stay over this evening?" Soldier: "No." Woman: "I don't want any money; I want to be with you and talk." Soldier: "Why?" Woman: "Paris is so boring; there are no men."

It is a curious anomaly that in all Paris there is no "peace movement," yet there as nowhere else one can talk peace. The soldiers in the hospital listen eagerly to my tales of the Social Democrats in Germany. I suggest internal revolution rather than smashing by an outside force as a way of ending war and militarism. To this they agree. But how reach Social Democrats and start revolution? That is the problem. To negotiate with the German government they believe impossible. The Government is not to be trusted. It would lie and there would be another war. Germany must be defeated because that will defeat militarism, end war, and bring permanent peace. Germany bitter, relentless, ugly and at bay; France tragic, proud, suffering and resolute; England annoyed, reluctant, capable, and sure; and all determined to fight the thing through to a finish. Is there a way out? When will it end? "I don't know when



NURSING THE WOUNDED IN PARIS

the war will end," says a soldier, "but I know where it will end — in the trenches." More and more it grows clear that the test is to be endurance, not victories.

One day I visited the battle-field of the Marne. This is twenty miles or more from the front. Yet at the Marne new trenches are being dug. France is covered with trenches; as my train sped to Boulogne soldiers were building them to the railroad track. From day to day as battle rages a trench may be taken. But how can either side beat back over miles and miles of trenches? Meanwhile human life ebbs out. The fields of the Marne are one vast cemetery. The land is dotted with little white crosses. Yet from this land the peasant gathers his crop. Never has the ground been more fertile. With a crack of his whip the driver points to a great open meadow. "There," he says, "four thousand Germans were burned to death, and to-day we are gathering the biggest hay crop the land has known."

On one of my last days in Paris I went to the Invalides. Some wounded soldiers were being decorated. The place was packed. Weeping relatives came to honor their brave men. A mother with a baby stands beside me. Tears are

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REPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE

GOUVERNEMENT MILITAIRE DE PARIS

PRÉFECTURE DE POLICE

Valable quarante huit heures
SAUF-CONDUIT

Pour les personnes voyageant :

à bicyclette.
en tramway.
en bateau.
en chemin de fer.

Nom *Melle Doty*

Prénoms *Marceline*

Nationalité *américaine*

Profession *Infirmière*

Domicile *Mme Presteau*

Cumas à Neuilly

Signature du porteur :

Madelaine J. Doty

Destination pour les voyageurs en chemin de fer

pour aller à Meaux (Sein.) et retour

Déclaré à Neuilly, le 23 août 1915

Le Commissaire de Police,



Permis valable du 23 août au 29 août 1915

Tout étranger porteur de ce sauf-conduit est tenu de présenter à toute réquisition des autorités soit son permis de séjour, soit son passeport, l'un et l'autre munis de sa photographie.

A facsimile of the safe conduct given the author to the battlefield of the Marne.



NURSING THE WOUNDED IN PARIS

on her cheeks, but pride shines in her eyes as a blind husband is led to his place. Then a band strikes up, and out across the courtyard move a hundred legless, armless and blind men. The Commander-in-Chief is bestowing kisses and pinning on medals. I shut my eyes. I see France as she will be in a few years — swarming with cripples. I see young men made old and helpless, sitting in chimney corners, silently fingering medals.



CHAPTER VI

LITTLE BROTHER

WHILE in Holland I visited a Belgian refugee camp. The children struck me as particularly pathetic. On one occasion I discovered a small boy hiding in the bushes and sobbing with fear. Some Dutch soldiers were marching down the road. He had mistaken them for Germans. The horror of the German descent upon his land had left its mark. I related this incident to a Dr. Aletta Jacobs who, with some other Dutch women, had had charge of a refugee camp. It was then she told me of a little Belgian refugee who had come to her early in the war. I took down the parts as she gave them, and can vouch for the truth of the following story.

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It was a warm summer's day in late August. No men were visible in the Belgian hamlet. The women reaped in the fields; the insects hummed in the dry warm air; the house doors



LITTLE BROTHER

stood open. On a bed in a room in one of the cottages lay a woman. Beside her sat a small boy. He was still, but alert. His eyes followed the buzzing flies. With a bit of paper he drove the intruders from the bed. His mother slept. It was evident from the pale, drawn face that she was ill.

Suddenly the dreaming, silent summer day was broken by the sound of clattering hoofs. Some one was riding hurriedly through the town.

The woman moved uneasily. Her eyes opened. She smiled at the little boy.

“What is it, dear?”

The boy went to the window. Women were gathering in the street. He told his mother and hurried from the room. Her eyes grew troubled. In a few minutes the child was back, breathless and excited.

“O, mother, mother, the Germans are coming!”

The woman braced herself against the shock. At first she hardly grasped the news. Then her face whitened, her body quivered and became convulsed. Pain sprang to her eyes, driving out fear; beads of perspiration stood on her forehead; a little animal cry of pain broke from her

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lips. The boy gazed at her paralyzed, horrified; then he flung himself down beside the bed and seized his mother's hand.

"What is it, mother, what is it?"

The paroxysm of pain passed; the woman's body relaxed, her hand reached for the boy's head and stroked it. "It's all right, my son." Then as the pain began again, "Quick, sonny, bring auntie."

The boy darted from the room. Auntie was the woman doctor of B. He found her in the Square. The townspeople were wildly excited. The Germans were coming. But the boy thought only of his mother. He tugged at auntie's sleeve. His frenzied efforts at last caught her attention. She saw he was in need and went with him.

Agonizing little moans issued from the house as they entered. In an instant the midwife understood. She wanted to send the boy away, but she must have help. Who was there to fetch and carry? The neighbors, terrified at their danger, were making plans for departure. She let the boy stay.

Through the succeeding hour a white-faced little boy worked manfully. His mother's cries wrung his childish heart. Why did babies come



LITTLE BROTHER

this way? He could not understand. Would she die? Had his birth given such pain? If only she would speak! And once, as if realizing his necessity, his mother did speak.

"It's all right, my son; it will soon be over."

That message brought comfort; but his heart failed when the end came. He rushed to the window and put his little hands tight over his ears. It was only for a moment. He was needed. His mother's moans had ceased and a baby's cry broke the stillness.

The drama of birth passed, the midwife grew restless. She became conscious of the outer world. There were high excited voices; wagons clattered over stones; moving day had descended on the town. She turned to the window. Neighbors with wheelbarrows and carts piled high with household possessions hurried by. They beckoned to her.

For a moment the woman hesitated. She looked at the mother on the bed, nestling her babe to her breast; then the panic of the outside world seized her. Quickly she left the room.

The small boy knelt at his mother's bedside, his little face against hers. Softly he kissed the pale cheek. The boy's heart had become a man's. He



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tried by touch and look to speak his love, his sympathy, his admiration. His mother smiled at him as she soothed the baby, glad to be free from pain. But presently the shouted order of the departing townspeople reached her ears. She stirred uneasily. Fear crept into her eyes. Passionately she strained her little one to her.

“How soon, little son, how soon?”

The lad, absorbed in his mother, had forgotten the Germans. With a start, he realized the danger. His new-born manhood took command. His father was at the front. He must protect his mother and tiny sister. His mother was too ill to move, but they ought to get away. Who had a wagon? He hurried to the window, but already even the stragglers were far down the road. All but three of the horses had been sent to the front. Those three were now out of sight with their overloaded wagons. The boy stood stupefied and helpless. The woman on the bed stirred.

“My son,” she called. “My son.”

He went to her.

“You must leave me and go on.”

“I can’t, mother.”

The woman drew the boy down beside her.



LITTLE BROTHER

She knew the struggle to come. How could she make him understand that his life and the baby's meant more to her than her own. Lovingly she stroked the soft cheek. It was a grave, determined little face with very steady eyes.

"Son, dear, think of little sister. The Germans won't bother with babies. There is n't any milk. Mother has n't any for her. You must take baby in your strong little arms and run — run with her right out of this land into Holland."

But he could not be persuaded. The mother understood that love and a sense of duty held him. She gathered the baby in her arms and tried to rise, but the overtaxed heart failed and she fell back half-fainting. The boy brought water and bathed her head until the tired eyes opened.

"Little son, it will kill mother if you don't go."

The boy's shoulders shook. He knelt by the bed. A sob broke from him. Then there came the faint far-distant call of the bugle. Frantically the mother gathered up her baby and held it out to the boy.

"For mother's sake, son, for mother."

In a flash, the boy understood. His mother



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had risked her life for the tiny sister. She wanted the baby saved more than anything in the world. He dashed the tears from his eyes. He wound his arms about his mother in a long passionate embrace.

"I'll take her, mother; I'll get her there safely.

The bugle grew louder. Through the open window on the far-distant road could be seen a cloud of dust. There was not a moment to lose. Stooping, the boy caught up the red squirming baby. Very tenderly he placed the little body against his breast and buttoned his coat over his burden.

The sound of marching feet could now be heard. Swiftly he ran to the door. As he reached the threshold he turned. His mother, her eyes shining with love and hope, was waving a last good-by. Down the stairs, out the back door, and across the fields sped the child. Over grass and across streams flew the sure little feet. His heart tugged fiercely to go back, but that look in his mother's face sustained him.

He knew the road to Holland. It was straight to the north; but he kept to the fields. He did n't want the baby discovered. Mile after mile,



LITTLE BROTHER

through hour after hour he pushed on, until twilight came. He found a little spring and drank thirstily. Then he moistened the baby's mouth. The little creature was very good. Occasionally she uttered a feeble cry, but most of the time she slept. The boy was intensely weary. His feet ached. He sat down under a great tree and leaned against it. Was it right to keep a baby out all night? Or ought he to go to some farmhouse? If he did, would the people take baby away? His mother had said, "Run straight to Holland." But Holland was twenty miles away. He opened his coat and looked at the tiny creature. She slept peacefully.

The night was very warm. He decided to remain where he was. It had grown dark. The trees and bushes loomed big. His heart beat quickly. He was glad of the warm, soft, live little creature in his arms. He had come on this journey for his mother, but suddenly his boy's heart opened to the tiny clinging thing at his breast. His little hand stroked the baby tenderly. Then he stooped, and softly his lips touched the red wrinkled face. Presently his little body relaxed and he slept. He had walked eight miles. Through the long night the deep



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sleep of exhaustion held him. He lay quite motionless, head and shoulders resting against the tree-trunk, and the new-born babe enveloped in the warmth of his body and arms slept also. The feeble cry of the child woke him. The sun was coming over the horizon and the air was alive with the twitter of birds.

At first he thought he was at home and had awakened to a long happy summer's day. Then the fretful little cries brought back memory with a rush. His new-born love flooded him. Tenderly he laid the little sister down. Stretching his stiff and aching body he hurried for water. Very carefully he put a few drops in the little mouth and wet the baby's lips with his little brown finger. This proved soothing, and the cries ceased. The tug of the baby's lips on his finger clutched his heart. The helpless little thing was hungry, and he too was desperately hungry. What should he do? His mother had spoken of milk. He must get milk. Again he gathered up his burden and buttoned his coat. From the rising ground on which he stood he could see a farmhouse with smoke issuing from its chimney. He hurried down to the friendly open door. A kindly woman gave him food.



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She recognized him as a little refugee bound for Holland. He had difficulty in concealing the baby, but fortunately she did not cry. The woman saw that he carried something, but when he asked for milk she concluded he had a pet kitten. He accepted this explanation. Eagerly he took the coveted milk and started on.

But day-old babies do not know how to drink. When he dropped milk into the baby's mouth she choked and sputtered. He had to be content with moistening her mouth and giving her a milk-soaked finger.

Refreshed by sleep and food, the boy set off briskly. Holland did not now seem so far off. If only his mother were safe! Had the Germans been good to her? These thoughts pursued and tormented him. As before, he kept off the beaten track, making his way through open meadows and patches of trees. But as the day advanced, the heat grew intense. His feet ached, his arms ached, and, worst of all, the baby cried fretfully. At noon he came to a little brook sheltered by trees. He sat down on the bank and dangled his swollen feet in the cool, fresh stream. But his tiny sister still cried. Suddenly a thought came to him. Placing the baby on his knees he



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undid the towel that enveloped her. There had been no time for clothes. Then he dipped a dirty pocket handkerchief in the brook and gently sponged the hot, restless little body. Very tenderly he washed the little arms and legs. That successfully accomplished he turned the tiny creature and bathed the small back. Evidently this was the proper treatment, for the baby grew quiet. His heart swelled with pride. Reverently he wrapped the towel around the naked little one, and administering a few drops of milk, again went on.

All through that long hot afternoon he toiled. His footsteps grew slower and slower; he covered diminishing distances. Frequently he stopped to rest, and now the baby had begun again to cry fitfully. At one time his strength failed. Then he placed the baby under a tree and rising on his knees uttered a prayer:—

“O God, she’s such a little thing, help me to get her there.”

Like a benediction came the cool breeze of the sunset hour, bringing renewed strength.

In the afternoon of the following day, a wagon stopped before a Belgian Refugee camp in Hol-



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land. Slowly and stiffly a small boy slid to the ground. He had been picked up just over the border by a friendly farmer and driven to camp. He was dirty, bedraggled, and footsore. Very kindly the ladies' committee received him. He was placed at a table and a bowl of hot soup was set before him. He ate awkwardly with his left hand. His right hand held something beneath his coat, which he never for a moment forgot. The women tried to get his story, but he remained strangely silent. His eyes wandered over the room and back to their faces. He seemed to be testing them. Not for an hour, not until there was a faint stirring in his coat, did he disclose his burden. Then, going to her whom he had chosen as most to be trusted, he opened his jacket. In a dirty towel lay a naked, miserably thin, three-days-old baby.

Mutely holding out the forlorn object, the boy begged help. Bit by bit they got his story. Hurriedly a Belgian Refugee mother was sent for. She was told what had happened, and she took the baby to her breast. Jealously the boy stood guard while his tiny sister had her first real meal. But the spark of life was very low.

For two days the camp concentrated on the



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tiny creature. The boy never left his sister's side. But her ordeal had been too great. It was only a feeble flicker of life at best, and during the third night the little flame went out. The boy was utterly crushed. He had now but one thought—to reach his mother. It was impossible to keep the news from him longer. He would have gone in search. Gently he was told of the skirmish that had destroyed the Belgian hamlet. There were no houses or people in the town that had once been his home.

“That is his story,” ended the friendly Dutch woman.

“And his father?” I inquired.

“Killed at the front,” was the reply.

I rose to go, but I could not get the boy out of my mind. What a world! What intolerable suffering. Was there no way out? Then the ever-recurring phrase of the French and Belgian soldiers came to me. When I had shuddered at ghastly wounds, at death, at innumerable white crosses on a bloody battlefield, invariably, in dry, cynical, hopeless tones, the soldier would make the one comment,—

“*C'est la guerre; que voulez-vous?*”



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PART II



CHAPTER I

THE SCANDINAVIAN COUNTRIES

"**W**ILL you go to Germany?"

It seemed a large order after my experience in Germany in 1915. I and my ancestors are American, but my name is wrong. Madeleine (French) Zabriskie (Polish) Doty (derived from the English Doten).

"We want the truth," said the editor. "You're a neutral, you want peace; we think you'll tell it."

That settled it. To be asked to tell the truth is a proposition not to reject.

The quickest route to Germany lay through Norway, for all steamers, both Dutch and Norwegian, must sail around the north of Scotland.

On the 15th of July I board the *Kristiania-fjord*. I have never been to Norway. It is like going to Greenland. My heart is in my boots. I feel very small and without courage. At the last moment I want to desert. As the steamer pulls out of the dock New York seems a heavenly city



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and my family waving a last farewell infinitely precious. I feel I am being cast out of paradise.

But it is a jolly ship's company. In a day my fears are forgotten and I am absorbed in the adventure ahead. Every one on the steamer has a mission. There are some naturalized German-Americans, many Swedes and a few Norwegians. It is a splendid voyage, with calm seas and smiling skies. Each day the days grow longer and more beautiful. On the tenth day the sun is setting at 10 P. M.

Not until that tenth night do we begin to discuss the war. We are nearing the north of Scotland, the scene of the disaster to Lord Kitchener and his men, and we talk of mines and submarines. Life preservers are carefully inspected. But at break of day English officers board our ship and take us safely into Kirkwall harbor. Here we lie for two days, while passports, cabins and our persons are examined.

Presently I am summoned before an English officer. He holds two cable messages. I reach for them eagerly, but he pauses before making delivery. "You'll have to explain these," he says. One from an unduly admiring friend begins



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"Brave spirit." The other, from my father, tells of constant thought. He wired: "Watching every night from the hill at sunset."

This, coupled, with the "Brave spirit" of the other cable and the fact that I am going to Germany, are too much for the English officer. He feels sure I mean to torpedo the King of England at sunset. Fortunately, the last words of the home cable are "Mother preserving." The officer's mother also puts up jam. His fears relax. We have a good laugh.

There is one trifling excitement during the detention at Kirkwall. A crowd gathers one afternoon at the ship's side. A German stowaway has been discovered. He is being lowered into an English boat. There are many little expressions of sympathy. They come from the pro-Germans and Swedes. A big Swede takes up a collection for the prisoner. It is quite evident where Swedish sympathy lies.

That night we cross the North Sea. Not many of us sleep, but in the morning we are lying off the Norwegian coast. There is a dense fog. When it lifts our ship is lying between masses of rocks so near it seems possible to jump to them from the ship's deck. Soon we begin to steam up



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The atmosphere of Copenhagen is distressing. It is tense, like a strung bow. It seems to await some dire fate, and it reeks with money made from dying humanity. Never has the city been so prosperous. Three times the ordinary number of taxicabs ply the streets. Yet, in spite of great business activity, the populace is unsettled, expectant, dreading it knows not what. Nowhere are there worse stories of German atrocities. These tales sink in. One begins to understand what the early American settlers must have felt with a band of savage red Indians just beyond the next ridge.

Daily I grow more nervous. Fear possesses me. It is said that every woman who enters Germany is subjected to a sickening and disgusting personal search, and the tales of hunger and imprisonment, the fate of all foreigners in Germany, are appalling. Can I carry my task through?

I dine with an American friend. He has become completely dominated by the atrocity stories. He almost orders me home. "America forgets," he declares, "that Europe is at war and Germany is no place for a woman."

I cannot sleep. Only pride holds me to my



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water front, might be mistaken at first glance for San Francisco and the Golden Gate. But the city has the earmarks of age, and romance yet lacking in San Francisco. It is a miniature Paris. It is full of the spirit of Bohemia. Its restaurants abound in good food, gay music and interesting people.

Norway is teeming with originality. It is not smooth running and well ordered, but it has greatness and force. Hardly a picture or piece of sculpture in its gallery of modern art but has character and meaning. Much is crude, but all expressive of life and virility. One no longer wonders that this is the land of Ibsen and Björnson.

Norway is a race of individualists. German uniformity, Germany's organization and German culture are repellent to every fiber of the Norwegian being. Norway, the land of viking ships and adventurers, could not produce a race of obedient people. Therefore Norwegian sympathy is with France and England, for Norway believes these countries stand for freedom, democracy and a republican form of government.

From Christiania I take a sleeper to Göteborg, Sweden. When I awake in the morning it is to

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find myself in a new land. In my school geography Norway and Sweden seemed one and the same. But Göteborg is as alien to Christiania as Boston is to New York. This city is smooth running and well ordered; no crowd, no bustle, no Bohemia. Neatly numbered little blue and white cars run in regular circles about the town. The atmosphere is that of spotless town, where they always use sapolio. It is quaint and charming, but not exciting. Sweden, like Germany, is well organized. The Swedish and German temperaments are akin, methodical and thorough, with a distaste for the erratic, the erratic which so frequently breeds genius.

In the afternoon I take the train from Göteborg to Copenhagen. It is too late when I reach there to form an impression. But I am conscious of flying taxis and streams of people. I have reached a seething metropolis which makes Christiania and Göteborg seem tiny by comparison.

Copenhagen combines all races. It has canals, people with wooden shoes and sturdy Dutch temperament. It has a few mildly interesting sidewalk cafés. It has suburban English houses and Tommies who go out Sunday with their best girls. It has a great beer garden in the center of the



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city, called Tivoli, like the Zoölogical Garden of Berlin. Sundays and evenings Tivoli is crowded with bourgeois, whole families, fathers, mothers and children who come to enjoy the fun. Beer flows, bands play and people pass and repass. Denmark absorbs all races and elements.

But the Danish people, like the Norwegian, are heart and soul with the Allies. Not so much because of love for England and France as through hatred of Germany. Germany has snatched part of their land and bitterness is in their hearts. They will not willingly assist Germany. All the frontier mail is examined, for recently it was found thin slabs of butter were being sent to the enemy by letter postage.

Many Danish merchants have made vast fortunes out of German necessity. But these people are held in contempt. In the early days they aided in feeding the German army. This they did by exporting great cans of prepared meat called "goolash." Now these people are nicknamed the "goolash." They struggle to disguise their identity and their nouveau riche condition. Old telephone and automobile numbers are in great demand and ramshackle old houses are bought at exorbitant prices.

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purpose. I am told that "The New York Tribune" is despised in Germany and "The Chicago Tribune" tolerated. I destroy all papers except my "Chicago Tribune" credentials. I have no scruples about this, for I am writing the same article for both papers and I am out in search of the truth and do not wish to hurt any nation.

Moreover, I have an errand of mercy in Germany. "The Christian Work Fund" for starving children of the New York Church Peace Union has given me \$500 for German war orphans and starving babies, with a promise of more later. I clutch this firmly in my hand and proceed to the German Embassy at Copenhagen.

Here I wait all day. Any minute my number may be called, so I dare not go out to lunch. There is a great crowd of people, all seeking passports. Most are turned away. Each day it grows more difficult to enter Germany. Finally, at 5 o'clock, my turn comes. My credentials are entirely satisfactory. My papers are stamped and passed without question. It is very reassuring.

But then began dreary days of waiting. Not for four days after my passport is viséd can I leave Copenhagen. Three of my pictures and all

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an inch of room in my bag, so I reply: "I'll throw them away," and raise my hand to do so. "Oh, don't do that!" The command comes so quickly and earnestly that in a flash I realize every speck of food in Germany is prized. So I board the train with crackers, butter, dangling sausage and unopened baggage.

It is nearly two hours before the other passengers are released. To travel in wartime requires patience. Many of the women have flushed faces. It is evident their examination has not been agreeable. No. 50 arrives shortly. She, too, is flushed. She says she has recently had an operation and wears a support. This surgical harness she was obliged to remove for inspection. Why this is if, as I suspect, she is known to the German government I do not know. Anyway, I have been lucky. My papers are good.

All this time the train has been standing in a long, wooden railroad shed. There has been nothing to see. As we pull out my eyes sweep the country. There are no trenches and no body of soldiers. To the casual observer it looks as if the Danes could walk straight into Germany.

As we speed through the country we pass great



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friend of my friend. I can only guess why this is. Perhaps my friend is in prison.

The telegram invites me to come to Munich, but my ticket and passport are made out for Hamburg. It is too late to change. I shall know no one in Hamburg. If only I could speak German. Speech is a valuable asset. Most things can be explained, but I shall be tongue-tied. I do not feel at all brave. It is like going into battle. I'm shivering, homesick, and terribly excited.

As the train speeds on its way I study my train companions. There are three Chinese students, a German merchant, and a woman who says she is Swiss. The woman is very friendly. She speaks to each of us and asks our mission. She has traveled from Switzerland through Germany and Denmark to Sweden and is now on her way back. This is a trip difficult to make unless one has powerful friends.

She speaks English fluently. Perhaps she is working for Germany. Anyway she is very friendly, and very appreciative of my desire to help German babies. She is on her way to Hamburg. I ask to go with her. If she is a spy I could be with no safer companion. It is terrible



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to be so suspicious. That is one of the deadly features of war — you trust no one.

As the train speeds on and we reach the Danish frontier we see small encampments of soldiers. We are entering Germany by way of Warnēmude. When we reach the water front a German boat is waiting to carry us to the other side. It is a trip of about two hours. As we cross this tiny piece of the Baltic Sea there are no signs of the German fleet. We probably are too far from Kiel Bay.

The German territory on which we land is a seashore resort. There is a great stretch of beach dotted with sun umbrellas and a few people walking aimlessly about. Somewhere a band plays faintly. It is very dreary. Like a pleasure resort on a rainy day.

As we land we are conducted into a long wooden building. The first great ordeal is about to begin. I stick close to my traveling companion. She is given No. 50 and I No. 51. My heart goes like a triphammer. Suppose they don't pass me. My companion is summoned first, but a moment later my turn comes. I am shown into an inner office. I find myself in the midst of a little knot of soldiers. At a desk is an officer asking



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questions and taking answers. I stammer and stutter; the few words of German I know desert me. I thrust out my papers desperately. These have been translated into German. Their contents are magical. That money for suffering babies softens German hearts. An officer who speaks English addresses me.

“Where are you going?” A.—To Hamburg.

“Where do you expect to stay?” A.—I don’t know; I’m traveling with a friend.

“What is your friend’s name?” At last I am caught. I grow very red. I realize I have never asked my companion’s name.

The German officers gaze at me stolidly, waiting an answer. Finally I blurt out: “I don’t know her name, but she’s No. 50.”

Carefully they consult their list. It is as I guessed. No. 50 is eminently satisfactory. With utmost courtesy my passport is visé and my luggage stamped and passed unopened. I am the first to leave the little building. The only article that troubles the English-speaking officer is a box of American crackers.

“You’d better conceal those or it may cause jealousy that we let you keep them. We have made an exception in your case.” There is n’t



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an inch of room in my bag, so I reply: "I'll throw them away," and raise my hand to do so. "Oh, don't do that!" The command comes so quickly and earnestly that in a flash I realize every speck of food in Germany is prized. So I board the train with crackers, butter, dangling sausage and unopened baggage.

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As we speed through the country we pass great



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stretches of flat, barren, uninteresting pasture land. Here and there are herds of cows. My companion informs me we are passing through the dairy district. Once my companion grabs my arm excitedly to point to a field of wheat (white flour). There is a dining car on the train. It has been said that through trains furnish good meals and so deceive traveling foreigners as to internal conditions.

This dinner is fourth rate, with a fourth rate service — a total change from the well run dining car of a year ago. There is soup, fish, a tiny slab of meat, vegetables and a pudding. The quantity is small and the quality poor and the preparation atrocious. The latter defect is not the fault of the cook. It is due to lack of fat, lack of sugar, lack of seasoning. It has all been boiled and is tasteless. It reminds me of prison fare. The pudding cannot be eaten. It is a gray mass and tastes like bran. It is without sweetening. A soldier manfully eating his sees me in the act of swallowing my first mouthful. He grins a sardonic grin. It is practically the only smile I see in all Prussia.

In three hours we reach Hamburg. If there had been a carriage or taxi at the station it had



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gone when we reached the entrance. We eventually secure an aged porter to carry our luggage to the Reichshof Hotel across the way. The station is full of soldiers, pale-faced, worried and silent. They are lining up to take night trains for the front.

At the hotel my companion and I secure adjacent single rooms. It is a great relief to have her German tongue at my service. I don't open my mouth. The Reichshof is perhaps a second rate or third rate hotel, but I have a perfectly appointed room, with hot and cold running water for 3 marks 50 pfennigs a day (about 90 cents). German hotel men have resolutely kept hotels open at great loss and have not raised room rates.

I am too much excited to go to bed, and suggest a walk. Through silent, deserted streets my companion and I make our way. We come to the great sheet of water in the center of Hamburg. At intervals bright lights from a café send their shimmering rays flashing and dancing across the water. But all is silent and still as though some great calamity were upon the city.

We enter the café. It is a huge place and has hundreds of little tables. Only two are occu-



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pied — one by a group all in mourning. The brilliance of the place exaggerates its big emptiness. We sit down and order coffee. Presently two cups of steaming black liquid are served. There is no sugar and no milk. My companion calls a waiter. "You've forgotten the milk and sugar." The waiter bows politely. "No, madam," says he. "We have recently been *verboten* to serve either milk or sugar."

We drink our coffee in silence. It is coffee "ersatz," which means coffee mixed with a substitute. A lump rises in my throat. I see the tired, worried soldiers with their lean faces. I looked at the little group in mourning across the way. I taste my undrinkable coffee.

Already the suffering of the people has sunk deep; an aching pity seizes me. I do not stop to reason whose fault it is. Whether the German government is not the chief culprit for the state of affairs, I only know mankind is being hurt, is being punished. To crush people makes them ugly.

"This has got to stop," I whisper to my companion, and she nods.



CHAPTER II

HAMBURG UNDER THE HAND OF DEATH

August 10th.

I AWOKE to find myself in Germany. I sprang from bed and crept to the window. Beneath lay an empty courtyard—quiet, still, no sign of life. I press the electric button and order breakfast. A pale, worried little man arrives with a tray. There is the same undrinkable coffee of the night before, a tiny drop of blue watery-milk in a doll's pitcher no bigger than my thumb, no sugar, some black, sour, uneatable bread, and a small saucer of marmalade. Irritation seizes me. How can I spend weeks in Germany without proper food? I remember my box of American crackers, and the Danish butter and sausage reposing in the hotel refrigerator. But I have the decency not to send for them. I have at most some weeks of discomfort, the German people months of patient suffering. The Danish food shall go to a German friend. By the time I am dressed, my traveling companion,



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No. 50, has joined me. We decide to make a tour of the city. It is a gray, sunless day. The weather increases the gloom of the city. Only a few people are upon the street; old people or very young people and tiny children. But occasionally we pass a silent, dejected group lined up before a meat shop. It is a meat day. Working women with babies in their arms, or tiny children carrying baskets, or old decrepit men and women clutching a Government meat card, patiently wait their turn. The shop door flies open, three or four are admitted, and a miserable half-pound of meat portioned out.

Except for these food purchasers, the city seems actionless. We enter a book shop and ask for a map. But to sell a plan of Hamburg is *verboten*. So many things are *verboten*. Perhaps that accounts for the inactivity. Store windows present a fine display, but inside the shop is silent and empty.

Even in the business section there is little life. We find a small boat that makes a three hours' trip about the harbor, and take it. The great wharves are peopleless, no hurrying men, no swinging derricks, no smoke issuing from smokestacks or funnels. In the docks lie big and little



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boats, rusty, paintless, deserted. The great *Imperator*, like a towering monster, commands the center. The paint is peeling from its sides. Its brass is dull, some dirty stained blankets flap on an upper deck. Like a thing alive it seems stricken with plague. Its proud title *Imperator* is gone, and in its place is the word *Cap Polonia*. Except for our tug and two others, no vessels move upon the water. There are no whistles, no chug-chug and swish of passing boats, no vibrant thrilling life. Hamburg is a city of sleepers. Its big hotels, its many stores, its impressive buildings stretch out endlessly, but within all is still. All that modern industry and the ingenuity of man can achieve has here been flung upon the land, and then the force that created it has vanished, leaving these great monuments to rot, to rust, and to crumble. The tragedy of unused treasures is as horrible as rows of dead. A city seems visibly dying.

Faint from want of food, we leave the boat to seek a restaurant. We find one directly opposite the Hamburg-American docks, on the hill-side. We seat ourselves on the outdoor porch which commands the harbor. As we do so, we notice a long line of women and children filing



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into the big Hamburg-American buildings. Each bears a pail. When they emerge it is with steaming contents. The docks have been turned into big feeding kitchens. When the women leave, a whistle blows. Then from every direction come old men and young boys. They come running, hopping, jumping, each striving to be first, driven by hunger, or by fear that the last may have nothing. The police keep them in order. They file into the big building to eat.

The meal furnished us is scanty, but after this scene it seems bountiful. There is soup, fish, meat, vegetables, fruit, and cheese. The bread and meat are to be had only with cards. Like the day before, the food is watery and tasteless. It is such food as is served in institutions. Prison diet does not promote health or strength. One can live on it, but patriotism and temper suffer. I discovered there are two kinds of bread, one a small roll, its substance only slightly dark. This is very eatable, and quite different from the ordinary black bread. Six of these small rolls can be had on a daily bread card. This bread, with a piece of Swiss cheese, do much to restore me to cheerfulness.

When we have finished, No. 50 suggests a trip

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to the Bismarck Denkmal. She is an ardent admirer of Bismarck and all German officials. It is only a short walk to the Denkmal. It is situated on a small hill, and the gigantic figure is further elevated by a high pedestal, till it towers over the city.

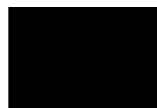
There is something sinister in the figure. It is clad in armor, and leans on a gigantic sword. It seems to say "no force in the world shall deter me; I conquer all." Yet there is weakness behind the strength. As a work of art it is a failure. It is made of square cut stone, placed on square cut stone. This endless multiplicity of exactly similar stones, well ordered and arranged, has the effect of massive greatness. But it is a greatness built from the outside. Beneath is no inspired central vein of strength.

It is different with French sculpture. Rodin's figures, for instance, personify power. The power that arises from depicting the fire, energy, and originality of the human soul. But my companion is enthralled. This massive greatness of arrangements means to her strength.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she breathes. "If only he were alive, how different it would be! Germany would conquer all."



THE BISMARCK DENKMAL.
At the Foot of This Statue a Mother Was Selling Her Child





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The words have hardly left her lips when we hear voices. A crowd of children is gathering just below. School is out, and they are surrounding an object of interest. One or two women join them. There is no passing populace to swell the throng. We approach and see in the center of the crowd of children a woman crouched upon a bench. She is dirty, ragged, and dark in coloring. She may be Armenian or Italian. On the ground at her feet is a baby just big enough to walk. It also is dirty, and possesses only one ragged garment. The mother sits listless, gazing at her child. It is evident she is soon to be a mother again. There is great chattering among the children. I turn to my companion for explanation.

"The woman wants to sell her child. She says she has n't anything to eat. She is n't a German mother. Of course, no German mother would do such a thing. You can see she is n't good. She is going to have another baby."

A school-child gives the toddling baby some cherries. She eats them greedily. My hand goes to my pocket-book, but my companion pulls me away. If I bought the baby, what could I do with her on a trip through Germany?



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Then my eyes rests on the Bismarck Denkmal. I gaze at that massive, methodical, stolid war god at whose feet this human tragedy is being enacted. Rage seizes me, and a brilliant and crazy idea comes. Why not blow up the military Denkmals as a way of freeing Germany from the war bug? The Allies are stupidly making women and children suffer, while the military class and militarism flourish. What is wanted is a bomb for each Bismarckian and royal Denkmal.

From the Denkmal we go to the residential quarter. We try to get a taxi, but there is none. I saw just three during that day. It has grown to be tea-time. After a short walk, we enter a popular café. Here at last is a large group of people. There are many well-dressed women, retired officers or officers home on leave, and some slightly wounded soldiers. The tables in the big building or scattered about on the sidewalk are all occupied. A band is playing gay music. On the surface all looks well. But a line of Whitman flashes through my mind:—

Smartly attired, countenance smiling, form upright, death
under the breast-bones, hell under the skull-bones.



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There is no chatter and no laughter. The faces are lined with sadness. Except among the women, there is no youth. All are shrunken, listless, distraught. Coffee "Ersatz" (coffee mixed with a substitute), and tea "Ersatz" is being served. There is no milk and no sugar. The few cakes are made of an unknown substance. I try one, but cannot swallow it. Only the music is cheerful. There is a revival of band-playing in Germany. It is needed to hide the lack of laughter and talk.

There are but two topics of conversation—war and food shortage. There is nothing else to discuss, for there is little business, no trade, no reforms, no scientific discoveries, no creative work. Life has become mere existence—a prison existence. Mind and bodies are shrinking from a shortage of intellectual and physical nourishment.

This first day in Germany is the worst. Fresh from war-free countries, the impression is vivid. After a little I become adjusted. All who live in Germany get adjusted. The changes have come gradually. One month sugar stops. When this is an old story, then one must learn to do without milk. Herr Smyth fails one week, and



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Herr Bauer weeks later. This slow decline blinds Germany to what is really occurring. But the total, seen by a stranger, is appalling.

Across the street from the café is a little circular space with benches. On a bench is seated a tragic, well-dressed mother in deep mourning. Her child plays beside her, innocently happy. He climbs up and down, and finally knocks a paper bag from the bench. A roll tumbles into the dust and darts under the bench, covering itself with dirt. The mother picks it up, carefully brushes it, and gives it to the child, who eats eagerly. Everywhere are similar pathetic incidents.

My spirits sink lower and lower. "Look here," I say firmly to my companion, "I've got to have a square meal. We are going to the best and most expensive hotel in town."

That evening we dine at the Atlantic, and have a meal that is satisfying. By a skilful use of wine, salt, and some stray scraps of fat, the *table de'hôte* dinner is equal to that of a second-rate American hotel. The slice of meat served is no bigger than my hand, brown and juiceless, but the soup, fish, vegetables, and dessert would pass muster anywhere.



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It seems cruel to eat of Germany's best, but henceforth I decided to live at the most expensive hotels.

That night a picture flashed before me. It is the vision of a big unoccupied building. In large black letters upon its front is the inscription: "English Reform Church," and in its gaping windows are plastered, printed signs reading: "*Zu vermieten*" (To Let). No wonder God's buildings are to let. God, the Spirit of Love, must have difficulty finding any place to rest these days.

Next morning my companion and I separate. She starts for Switzerland, and I for Berlin. My inability to speak German is disconcerting. I manage to get on the train, but in the dining-car I am helpless. I content myself with tea, bread, and cheese, the only words I know. In the compartment with me is an attractive young woman and her husband. They offer me magazines and papers. I summon up courage to say: "*Ich kann nicht Deutsch sprechen,*" and show them my credentials. The young woman is immediately interested. She speaks to me in excellent English.

In May, 1915, I spent ten days in Berlin.



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Then English could not be spoken with comfort. Flushed faces and angry looks were the result. To-day English is tolerated. Occasionally, eyes follow me questioning; the official class resent it, but the people are always friendly. A year ago there was bitter hatred of America. "American bullets" were flung in one's face everywhere. To-day the average person is pathetically eager to be friends. Slowly the people are awakening. For months the newspapers have fed them on the triumphs of Germany and the perfidy of other nations. But these stories of glorious German victories have resulted in — what? A lean and barren country, under-nourishment, death, the hatred of other nations. The people begin to doubt their leaders.

To call these people "barbars" is an outrage. They are like ourselves, just folks, kindly and generous; deceived and brow-beaten by a ruthless military group.

The young woman in the railway carriage belongs to the well-to-do bourgeoisie. She is eager to talk. "Why," she asks, "does the world think we're beaten when we have soldiers in Belgium and France?" Often this question is asked.

Boasting no longer exists. Instead comes the



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plaintive query: "Why are we beaten, and why must we suffer?"

We gaze out of the window as the train speeds on. We pass great stretches of desolate, barren, juiceless land. It is sandy and difficult to cultivate. It is the worst portion of Germany. A tear is in my companion's eye. "We have got to have food," she avers, and then a moment later: "Oh! why can't we have peace?"

It is early afternoon when we reach Berlin. I leave the train slowly. When I reach the station entrance the taxis and carriages are all taken. An aged porter with a push-cart volunteers to conduct me to the Adlon. It is Sunday. I follow the push-cart through the silent streets, but as we pass the Thiergarten a great throng of people is visible. They flow in and out about the Hindenburg Denkmal. That figure is made of wood and covered with nails. You pay a small sum, and hammer in a nail. In this manner patriotism and Hindenburg devotion are inculcated, and the Government gets the money.

If ever there were a systematic smashing of Denkmals, it would create a busy day for Berlin. There are so many of them. The Thiergarten strasse is lined with ugly monstrosities of roy-



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alty. Many figures are portraits of English nobility who intermarried with Germans. Evidently, whatever comes to Germany becomes German, for all are decorated with wreaths and flowers.

But the Sunday crowd that moves about the Thiergarten is not happy. As in Hamburg and elsewhere, the men are old or very young, except for the sprinkling of lean, pale, nerve-racked soldiers.

But Berlin has more life than Hamburg.

It is the busiest spot in Germany. It and the munition districts are the centers of activity. Berlin is more active than it was a year ago. Then action seemed suspended. The city was crowded, but idle. The populace was too tense, excited, and grim to work. It moved restlessly upon the streets, waiting a glorious victory. The future was ignored. A long war was not dreamt of. There was a shortage of fodder, so thousands of cows were killed. This lack of foresight meant in time a shortage of milk and butter. Germany was too sure of triumph to think in terms of years.

But now conditions have changed. The assurance and arrogance have vanished. In their



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place is a dull resignation. All life is centered on mere existence. The wounded who have come back have gone to work. Wagons carrying supplies and old patched taxis returned from the front move upon the streets. The necessities of life must be had. Berlin, the seat of government, must secure them.

So on the surface there is bustle and action, and life somewhat resembles the normal. But it is a queer, limited, down-at-the-heel activity. People are upon the streets, but the stores are nearly empty. There is a shortage of things to buy. The very rich still purchase, but cheap things are only to be had with Government cards.

That is the tragedy of Germany — the sore spot that festers. The pinch has come, and the rich protect themselves at the expense of the poor.

At the Adlon and other great hotels one suffers little. There is no sugar, but saccharine is served, saccharine which ordinarily can only be had by a doctor's order. It is true the allowance of meat, bread, and butter per person is the same. At the Adlon, butter is furnished on Tuesday and Friday, the two meatless days. For break-



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fast one received a pat no larger than a big strawberry, and that is all. But the meat problem hardly touches the rich. Chickens, ducks, and birds are not called meat. They are to be had at high prices. On meatless days they are always served at the Adlon. The fat from these birds to an extent makes up for the lack of butter. Moreover, the poor frequently have no money for meat or butter, and their allowance is purchased by the rich.

It is marvelous with what ingenuity the big hotels conceal deficiencies. That is why visitors and reporters fail to see the underlying truth.

Duck is served the night of my arrival. The *table d'hôte* dinner is \$1.75. I eat every scrap. It is not enough for a hungry man, but for me it is satisfying. As I rise from the table I say to the waiter: "That is as good a dinner as I ever ate." He smiles broadly, greatly pleased.

But I go to bed tormented by the lean and shrunken people I have seen. It is foolish to starve out Germany. This procedure does not hurt the governing classes and the rich. They will not suffer until the rest of Germany is dead. Starvation kills off the poor, but leaves the militarists intact. This is not the way to crush



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militarism. It cannot be done by pressure from the outside. Regeneration always comes from within: Revolution or evolution — not smashing — is what is needed.

CHAPTER III

LIFE IN BERLIN

August 12th to 26th.

I SNUGGLE down into my luxurious bed. I look about my room with pleasure. Every tiny comfort is provided for. The silk draperies, the linen sheets, the silk eiderdown bedspread, all tell of Germany's former luxury. War and poverty exist outside, but here all is comfort. I am loath to rise. Even breakfast is reassuring. There is coffee, saccharine, and a tiny drop of milk, two rolls, no butter, but some delicious jam. It is last year's jam. This year's has little sugar.

As I start to leave the hotel I pause in the entrance to gaze up and down the famous street *Unter den Linden*. Thin streams of people are passing and repassing. It is Monday, but the atmosphere is that of Sunday. German weekdays now are all like Sunday. A little group of people is pressed against a big glass window.



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Here the latest war bulletins are posted. People always assemble at two spots — war bulletins and food shops. It is uncanny to see tragic eyes gazing into pastry shops and fruit stores. Meat is not displayed. I wondered why the butter and cheese stores were ignored. I tried gazing in one. They put up such a good appearance with their shining tinfoil packages. Then I discovered the reason. The packages are fake. Each holds a block of wood. There is no butter or cheese in window or shop. Twice a week a tiny supply arrives to be distributed to the bearers of cards, that is all.

As I start to leave the hotel a clerk detains me: “You must go at once to the police,” he says. This is my first police visit. I did not go in Hamburg. Nothing was said about it. This looks more than ever as though my companion of the train was known in Germany, and that while with her in Hamburg I was exempt. The police are friendly. I have no difficulty, but I am told to report again the day before leaving Berlin. My police visits, in themselves, make a story. At each new city you must call on these officials. These gentlemen vary in their interest. Sometimes they want your life history, at others ten



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minutes suffices. The visit of departure is always more trying than that of arrival. Then you must state where you are going, to what hotel, and what your plans are. There is no chance for elopements. A single lady is perfectly chaperoned.

From the police I proceed to the American Embassy. American Embassies in war-time are discouraging places. Their attitude usually is, "Why are you here? You'll only make us trouble. You'd better go straight home." However, I have a young friend in the Embassy. I impress upon him the fact that I am not going home. "I shall," I declare, "visit the police regularly, break no rules, cause no trouble, but I'm in search of the truth, and as a free American citizen I mean to talk to every one I can from the Kaiser to Liebknecht." He thinks the Kaiser safer than Liebknecht. "You'll be watched every moment," he says, "and the authorities won't let you see anything they don't want you to."

As I leave the Embassy I hesitate. The idea of spies is disconcerting. The first person I want to visit is a woman who is a member of the Social Democratic party. My errand is



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harmless; she speaks English, and I want her to act as interpreter, and teach me German. I pursue a zig-zag course, and having doubled on my tracks, take a taxi to her home.

On this occasion I elude pursuit, but to do so continuously is impossible. The funny thing about German spies is that they dress for the part. They are as unmistakable as Sherlock Holmes. They nearly always wear gray clothes, a soft gray hat, are pale-faced, shifty-eyed, smooth-shaven, or have only a slight moustache, and carry canes.

One night my friend and I led them a chase about the city until midnight. We jumped from one car to another. It proved an exciting game. Once we went up to a gray-clad man, and asked him if he was n't tired. But spies grow angry when spoken to. German officials have no sense of humor. If they had, I wonder if there would have been a war.

I feel very sorry for one spy. He stands on the street corner in the rain one day from three in the afternoon until nine in the evening. I go out periodically to see if he is there. I simply cannot take him seriously. My friend and I get into gales of laughter. I want to go out and in-



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vite him in to tea. He looks so miserable. But he would never understand. My friend lives in an apartment house. He probably still does n't know who it is I visit. I insist on relieving his mind. I get my friend to walk with me to the Adlon, so she can be exhibited. She thinks it is dangerous, but we are doing no harm, and surely one cannot be arrested for talking to a Social Democrat! My friend's husband goes ahead to see what fate befalls us. He sits on a bench under a big tree directly opposite the hotel entrance.

Sure enough there is a gray-clad spy talking to the hotel porter. As my friend and I approach, the porter jerks the spy's arm. "Here she comes," he says. It is terribly exciting. I feel as important as a heroine in a dime novel. I am almost tempted to enter into some plot. It must be so disappointing to these gentlemen to find me vibrating between the German Red Cross, the poor, and plans for feeding German babies.

But before I leave Germany the spies get on my nerves. What was at first amusing becomes a nuisance. I feel exactly as though I am in prison. I acquire the habit of looking out of



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the corner of my eye and over my shoulder. These spies are as annoying to their countrymen as to me. The people detest them. They grow restless under such suppression. Free conversation is impossible, except behind closed doors. Between German spies and the spies of other countries supposed to be at large, public conversation is at a standstill. Everywhere are signs —“*Soldaten*”—“*Vorsicht bei gesprochenen Spionengefahr.*”

For several days I wander about Berlin letting impressions sink in. There is, as I have said, activity, but it is the activity of a bygone day or a country town. Nowhere are there shining new taxis, prancing horses, and laughing people.

The taxis are the refuse from the front. They toss and bump you about. The carriages have been resurrected from the past. The horses are chiefly valuable as a study in bone anatomy. Poor things! I often gazed in their dinner pails. They never had anything but chopped straw.

As for the people, there is a somber grayness about them. They, too, are thin. I did n't see a big girth anywhere. Germany is stomachless. It is n't that people have *nothing* to eat, but they have too little. The food they have is n't the



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right kind. During the summer there seemed to be plenty of vegetables, fruit, and a fair supply of black bread, but this without grease, sugar, or meal does not satisfy digestion. It's like trying to run a wagon without oil. It begins to creak. The German race begins to creak. As a whole, it is pale, thin, and sunken-eyed. Sooner or later a crisis is inevitable. Whether when it comes it will be a uniting of the people with the von Tirpitz group in ugly retaliation, or an internal awakening and evolution, depends on the attitude of the neutrals and the Allies. The soldiers as well as the civil population suffer. The front line trenches may be well fed, but the men home on leave or in barracks are noticeably thin. They are pale, weary, and without life. They also have no stomachs. There is a popular saying among them; it goes as follows:—

Dorrgemüse,
Trocken Brot,
Marmelade,
Heldentod.

which translated reads: Dried vegetables, dry bread, marmalade, and a hero's death. Soldiers are everywhere in Berlin. They are always coming and going. The cripples are not allowed



German Prisoners To day Plainly Show Signs of Underfeeding





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upon the streets, but nervous wrecks are plentiful.

In spite of the concealment of the wounded, the population begins to understand its loss. One night I went to the station to see a big detachment leave for Wilmâ. They had all been in war before. Their uniforms were dirty and patched. They sat on benches clinging to a loved one's hand, or stood in listless groups. No one talked. They were like tired children. They needed food and bed. The scenes of farewell were harrowing.

Here was a young boy saying good-by to a mother and three aunts. He was all they had — their whole life. Here a father saying farewell to a wife and three sons, all under seventeen. Or a mother in deep mourning taking leave of her last son, or a young wife with a baby in her arms giving a last embrace.

As the train moved out of the station there were no shouts, no cheers, no words of encouragement. Instead there was a deadly silence. The men leaned out of windows, stretching despairing hands towards loved ones. As the train pulled away the little groups broke into strangling sobs. They were shaken as by a mighty

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tempest. Paroxysms of grief rent and tore them. They knew the end had come. A man may go once into battle and return, but not twice and thrice. Life held no hope. As I came away I stopped before the big building which conducts military affairs. It is known as the "House of Sorrow." On its rear wall is posted the list of dead and wounded.

The night was dark and still; by the rays of an electric arc a few stragglers were running anxious fingers down the long lists. I stopped to count the number. The report covered five days' casualties (from August 17th to August 21st). Through mistakes names are occasionally repeated. I dropped out several thousand to allow for repetitions. Even then the total of dead, wounded, or missing was 44,000 — a city wiped out in five days. The Socialists estimate that two and a half to three million men in Prussia have been killed, wounded, or are missing. No wonder the soldiers are desperate.

When the men march to the station on the way to the front, bands play gay national airs to hide the depression. But music cannot cheer — the populace stands silent on the sidewalk. Occasionally a tear trickles down a cheek. The sol-



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diers keep eyes front, faces set and rigid. There are no comforting smiles, no cheers, no waving hands.

One evening at midnight as I cross the Thiergarten I pass a small procession of new recruits. Midnight, my friend tells me, is the favorite hour for seizing fresh food for cannon. There is something sinister in choosing dark hours, when the city sleeps, for this deed. On this occasion the recruits number a hundred or two. Their ages vary. They might be fathers and sons.

Such is the fate of the men, nor is life any better for the women. They are to be seen everywhere. In the streets digging and cleaning sewers. On the road with pick-ax and shovel, helping Russian prisoners relay railroad tracks. In the subways, clad in bloomers, acting as train starters. On the trams, wearing husband's motor cap and coat. At night they come home to hungry children and empty larders. Their tiny savings go for bread and potatoes. The day laborers cannot frequent city feeding kitchens. They cannot afford it. Berlin prepared to feed 35,000. Last winter 13,000 ate at the kitchens. In summer the number decreased to 8000. The meal served is a pint bowl of food, which is a



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cross between soup and stew. It contains potatoes, barley, rye, vegetables, or anything to be had, and on the meat days some odds-and-ends of meat. A bowl-ful is 10 cents, a half-bowl 6 cents. A mother earning 40 to 60 cents a day cannot pay 10 cents a head for food. It is the bourgeois class that patronize the kitchens.

I visited these feeding stations. A large central market turned into a kitchen prepares the food. Here are big vats — in which the food is steamed or boiled in bulk. From here the cooked product is sent to feeding stations in different localities. Women of means preside over these places, and conduct them well. The stewed mass is usually very eatable.

Such places are a Godsend to the middle class, the small store-keepers, whose business has failed, clerks, and stenographers, but for the unskilled laborer the price is prohibitive. These places do not accommodate many at a time, for people come and go. At noon I watched a little stream move in and out. They were all comfortably dressed. They paused to have their cards punched — potatoes, bread, meat, flour, according to what that day's bowl contained.

As I looked my eye was caught by two small



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children. They had crept in the big door and sat on a bench side by side, hand in hand. The elder, a boy of eleven, was clad in ragged, dirty coat and trousers. His face was streaked with dirt, save for spots here and there cleansed by falling tears. A small sister of five snuggled up to him. She too possessed only a boy's ragged, dirty coat and trousers. Her face was smudged with black, but it was rounder, with more color than the boy's. Her baby eyes were a shining blue. She seemed to rest serene in her brother's care. It was evident the lad was fighting manfully for his little sister. The boy's face was pinched and blue and lined with anguish.

I called the attention of the women workers to the children. "They are probably waiting for scraps of food. We'll give them something by and by," I was told. "But," I protested, "those children are suffering."

With the aid of a friendly policeman I got their story. These were their answers. "Hungry — terribly hungry. Mother dead; father in the war; had no home, slept anywhere; ate anything." I dropped some money in the boy's hand. His little claw-like fingers snatched eagerly



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at mine. I can feel their touch yet. Then he slid from the bench, and started for the door. But by this time the women workers had joined me. "Go, get in line, and you can have some food," they ordered. The boy hid his money beneath his coat, and ran at full speed toward the steaming food. Behind him came the tiny sister, her naked baby feet flying after his, her tiny baby hand clutching the end of his ragged jacket. I turned away; I could n't bear to see them eat. God pity us; why must such suffering be? Probably there are as many children in New York and London without any food as in Berlin. The tragedy of Germany is not quick starvation for a few; it is the under-feeding of a whole race. Mothers and babies are gradually going down hill.

Everywhere the signs of decline are manifest. In the windows of houses, on the front of empty stores, are great signs: "Zu Vermieten" (To Let). For years merchants have been fighting for vacancies on the big thoroughfares of popular Berlin. Now they are to be had everywhere. In the stations and amusement-halls stand empty chocolate slots. So long have they been empty that children are no longer beguiled into



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dropping in a penny in the hope of extracting something.

One Sunday I went to the Zoölogical Garden, the popular resort of the masses. A band or two still played, but the grounds were not half-filled. Everywhere were vacant tables, where formerly it was a privilege to secure one. Little family groups in black sat silently before a lonely glass of beer. Sandwiches were a rarity. The ices seemed to be made of colored frozen perfumes, and were distressing internally.

In the iron cages there were a few animals. Whether they have decreased in number I cannot tell. But they, like the people, suffer from a scanty diet. The monkeys have grown contentious. Their tempers suffer. They raised a most terrific racket, and continually bit and clawed and fought each other. Ironic laughter seized me. They were so human. I fell to wondering whether mankind was copying them or they mankind.

The two or three lions in the outdoor cages were lean and restless. They crouched and growled or paced feverishly up and down. There was none of the lazy indifference seen in fat circus-fed animals.



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In a flash they revealed the change in Germany. Before the war, under a benevolent paternalism, the people grew round of girth. Replete with good food and flowing beer, feet and brains lagged. It is hard to be discontented and progressive when the stomach is full and the land flows with milk and honey. But with suffering a new race is emerging — a lean race with active minds that begins to question German autocracy and militarism.

As I left the Zoölogical Garden a small boy passed me. In loud tones, boastfully and with unction, he declared to two enwrapped, envious listeners: "And I had a piece of fat for dinner," raising his fingers to measure, "it was so big, and juicy."

To an observant person three things are everywhere in evidence, telling an unmistakable story. The flat stomachs, the endless signs, "To Let," and the empty chocolate slots. The German race is surely sliding down hill. What shall the world do? Shall it stand idly by, or shall it stretch out a hand of sympathy and understanding to these troubled people and help them free themselves from the domination of a military group they begin to despise? The people



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do not wish to be ugly. They do not believe in a Von Tirpitz submarine policy, but if England and France insist on smashing and crushing the German nation, where is their hope? What is left but ugly retaliation. We are not yet angels!




CHAPTER IV.

THE FOOD RIOTS AND THE POTATO LINE

IS Germany efficient? The world shouts, "Yes." But there is more than one kind of efficiency.

This is a true story told me by a friend of Frau Dunker. Frau Dunker is a working woman. She works early and late. She has no time for frivolity. Shopping is a luxury. But Frau Dunker's stockings had given out. They had holes past mending. She must have new ones. Cheap stockings require a Government card. Silk stockings can be had without. But silk stockings are not in Frau Dunker's class. Grumblingly she gets her clothes card. She leaves the factory at noon, and spends the lunch hour in search. She finds the needed stockings, but at twice their former price. She carefully notes store and price. The adventure in stockings has only begun. The next step is a visit to the police. In the evening, weary with work,



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she waits her turn in line. At last her name is called. She receives a certificate of identification stating she is Frau Dunker, and lives in Martin Lutherstrasse. Armed with this she next proceeds to a city magistrate. Again she waits her turn, but eventually reaches the august presence. The interview is touching. The magistrate doubts her necessity. She removes her shoes and exhibits naked toes, protruding through gaping holes. She tells the dispenser of stockings that the articles are to be had at such a store for such a price. Grudgingly the magistrate gives an order for two pairs. Thus equipped with identification certificate and magistrate's order, Frau Dunker proceeds to her purchase. Fortunately, the stockings desired are still to be had. Had they been sold, and a different kind purchased, the red tape must all be unraveled again.

Frau Dunker goes home that night muttering: "Curses on the military. Next time I won't buy stockings. I'll let my feet get sore. Then the Government must care for me."

Is this efficient? Is there not such a thing as over-organization? Suppose the police, the magistrates, card indexers, and idle rich were set




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to making stockings. Might there not be enough to go around? Germany abounds in red tape.

I struggled desperately to reach Germany's poor. I wanted to expend the money given me by the Christian Work Fund properly. But official Germany denies its poor and hides them. The officials of the Relief Organizations were very kindly and very appreciative, but they insisted on showing me card catalogues and pamphlets, and on discussing organization instead of producing hungry babies. I flatly refused to spend money on cataloguing. One day I was told I should see suffering babies and Germany's care. In different districts Berlin has centers for babies. Here children are brought to be tested. I reached one of these offices at 2.30 one afternoon. Two is the opening hour. There were no babies. I found a doctor, two white-clad nurses, three beautifully-equipped rooms, and row upon row of index cards. Just as I was departing, one quite normal-looking baby arrived. The doctor reported the baby's condition as satisfactory.

My lack of success discouraged me. I appealed to a woman social-worker. "Very well," she said; "I'll show you what is happening."



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She took me to the north of Berlin. There little children swarmed, dirty, ragged, barefooted, and pale. This is a new state of affairs for Germany. Heretofore there has always been at least potatoes and clothes. No one has gone hungry. Paternalism flourishes only when the family is fed. When father fails to furnish food the children rebel. The spirit of rebellion is abroad in Germany. We visited several tenements. The following is a typical family. A mother, nine children, and grandmother, two rooms and a kitchen. Father in the war, income 144 marks (\$36) a month; rent, \$7 a month. This mother could not afford to eat at a feeding kitchen. One meal at ten cents a head meant \$1.20. The baby was six months old. It had what is termed "the English sickness." It was weak from lack of nourishment. It could not raise its arms. Since September 1st only children under six are allowed milk. The allowance is a pint a day. Not enough to nourish a baby. This family was living on tea and potatoes.

We visited many families. I could not but admire my companion. She was very proud, but tears ran down her cheeks. She belonged to the official class. She adored Germany, and




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held every German act right, yet her heart bled for her people. Vainly she was trying to stem the tide. She dashed her tears aside to say: "Do you wonder German women are bitter? But England shall not bring us to our knees, rather we will give our last baby first."

At every home I insisted on laying in supplies. But there was little to buy. Nothing with substance — no meal. We had to be content with pudding powder (Heaven knows what that is), tea "Ersatz," and some canned goods. My companion had succeeded in getting some packages of meal from the Government. When she produced one of these the family went mad with joy. Quaker oats are more precious to mothers than diamonds. The thing that is needed is food — not money. But I gave my companion some money from the Christian Work Fund. "Buy things that are going to the rich and give them to the poor," I said.

I knew now what was most needed. It was milk for babies. I dislike quoting figures, but a trustworthy and well-informed Social Democrat told me that in the big hospitals for babies the increase in mortality was 50 per cent. In the German papers were printed the following



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statistics in regard to the Children's Hospital in Berlin. In the first three days, 1912-1913 — ninety-three died. In the first three days 1914 to 1915, 160 died. I consulted Dr. Kimmule, the head of the German Red Cross in Berlin, about securing milk. He thought the best investment goats. More money had come from the Christian Work Fund, and I turned over 4,000 marks (roughly, because of depreciation, about \$800), with which to buy goats for the north of Berlin. The wealthy agrarian who sold the goats asked 150 marks (\$37.50) a goat. Ordinarily, the price is 30 marks, or \$5.50 per goat. Was this German agrarian patriotic or efficient? He made money out of the necessity of German babies. Why did the Government permit it? Was it efficient? Does Germany handle its food supply efficiently?

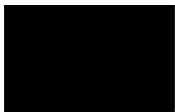
The following items are to be had only with Government cards: Bread, meat, potatoes, butter, sugar, cheese, milk, eggs, meal, flour, soap, and cheap clothes. Each person has to trade at the store assigned. Working people have to buy during noon and evening hours. This results in long lines in front of every shop at twelve and at six.



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One Saturday evening I went to a big market in the poor quarter of Berlin. This market covers an entire block. In it are sold meat, groceries, and dairy products. I arrived at six. There was little meat visible. At one booth a butcher presided over a wholly empty counter. A little old woman stood before him weeping bitterly. Between sobs she let out a torrent of words. This is what she said: "I must have some fat"—sob—"I have n't had meat or fat for three weeks." Sob, sob, sob. "My stomach has turned against marmalade"—sob—"I can't live on it any longer." Sob, and indignantly: "It's no use telling me to come earlier before the meat's gone. I can't come earlier. I have to work until six."

I pulled my companion's sleeve: "Look!" I said, "There's meat on that other counter; could n't we buy some?" But no, of course not; the little old woman could only get meat with her meat card from her particular butcher. This time it was I who said: "Curses on the military." Conspicuously over many counters flapped the sign, "Ersatz." "Ersatz" means substitute. Sausage Ersatz was a pale edition of the real article. One's speculations run riot.



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But there were few meat purchasers. The people were out for potatoes. The potato counter was as bad as a bargain day in a department store. At six o'clock there was a line stretching through the entire market and far out into the street. At least two thousand people were in line. I stood and watched for three hours, and the line never decreased. As fast as some left, others arrived. There were old men and women, mothers with babies and tiny children clinging to their skirts, and young children carrying huge baskets. The crowd swayed and muttered. It stood on one foot and then on the other. Women who had worked all day looked ready to drop with fatigue. At the counter three or four women employees were dealing out potatoes and punching cards as rapidly as possible. Occasionally little commotions broke the monotony. Once a baby cried. We hurried toward the sound. In a baby carriage a tiny creature sobbed drearily. Standing beside the carriage and clinging tight to the baby was a five-year-old, also weeping. Brother, twelve years old, had been standing in line three hours for his potatoes. Meanwhile, the babies had grown hungry. They had had nothing to eat since




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noon. Some kindly women gave them bread, which was devoured eagerly. Presently mother arrived, just released from the factory. She was tired and worn. She shook and scolded brother for being so slow. Then the little procession moved off, the babies, the little boy, all dirty, ragged, and barefooted, and the worn mother, with a bag of potatoes between them. All they had. Father was in the war.

Once I left the market and went with my friend to sit on a street bench near by. Close to us was a pale, sickly man and his wife and child.

"Have you your potatoes?" we inquired. "No," was the reply, "but grandmother is standing in line. It's going to be all right to-night. Last Saturday we waited three hours. Then we had n't any. They'd given out." "What did you do?" we gasped. Quietly, without bitterness, came the answer: "We went hungry, of course."

We went back to the market. There was still the same line, but the crowd was getting restless. A rumor was afloat that the potatoes were giving out. Women began to talk in angry tones. Then an amusing incident occurred. A patient horse hitched to a delivery wagon had



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been standing among the people. Little children came to pat and stroke his nose. He seemed the mildest of creatures. Then came the report about the potatoes. The crowd began to mutter. An officious policeman began to shove the people back. His tones were angry, his manner far from gentle. As he passed the horse, the creature seemed to bristle. Its meekness vanished, and throwing up its head, it gave the officer a vicious nip. A little cheer broke from the crowd. The horse was so human. It had so expressed the multitude. The officer was furious. He spat upon the animal, and hit him in the face. In a moment children were crowding around and again patting the horse's nose. All the creature's meekness returned. But the crowd was angry. Some women shook their fists. Then a whisper passed along the line. More potatoes had arrived. A huge wagon-full stood outside. Only this word prevented a riot. The crowd settled down; peace came again. Nothing would happen that night. It was nine o'clock. My friend and I were weary, and we left.

Is such food distribution efficient? The agrarians are asking about one and one-half cents a




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pound for potatoes. Three times the pre-war price. They wanted to raise the cost to three cents, but the Government set the limit at a cent and a half. Out of revenge the agrarians sent the worst potatoes to Berlin.

Germany cannot afford to have one worker starve. Why not seize agrarian land, and set officials and card indexers to raising potatoes? It would be more profitable to pay them for such work than card for cataloguing. Why bother with cards? Why not establish eating kitchens, and let everybody who is hungry eat at meal times? Card cataloguing might be used to see that each one worked. But both rich and poor could be given food at Government kitchens, and share and share alike.

The wealthy people do not stand in line. Their servants do this for them. Besides, chickens and birds at high prices are to be had without cards. The egg allowance is one a week. But for the wealthy this also is a farce. I grew egg hungry, and demanded two one week, but the waiter was adamant. "Well," I grinned, "I know what I'll do; I'll buy some live chickens and keep them in my room, then I can have eggs every morning for breakfast. Actually the



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waiter laughed. Seriously, that chicken idea is not bad. If Mme. Hempel had taken chickens and a goat to Germany with her this summer, instead of her lap dog, she would have been very popular. This idea is not patented, and I recommend it to all travelers in Germany.

In the big cities conditions are worse than in the country. Farmers are expected to pool and sell their supplies of milk, butter, and eggs, but, naturally, they hold back enough for their children. There is no way of knowing how much milk each cow gives each day unless the German army was retired from the field to do the milking, and report to the Government. Even German organization cannot brook this. One farmer I discovered greasing the wheels of his wagon with home-made butter. The price of butter is kept at a fixed rate. Oil was so expensive he could n't afford it. Soap was not on the card list until late August. Fat had been under control for months, but the Government forgot soap was grease. Now one cake a month is the allowance. The ante-war soap is very expensive. I paid 50 cents for a 15 cent cake. The soap made since the war is atrocious.

I asked the Social Democrats about the food



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riots. They occurred, I was told, chiefly in the spring, when the potatoes gave out. In Hamburg the women ran straight on the soldiers' bayonets in the struggle for food, and several were killed. The following day, Sunday, the Government had to throw open the Hamburg provision stores, and let the people buy to restore peace. Berlin has had several riots, In some cities women have been shot. "It is quite easy to start rebellion," said a Social Democrat to me. "Several times we went to the market and urged the crowd to riot. But we stopped, for women were put in prison and the children left destitute."

But when there are no potatoes there will be riots. As long as there is food for the children, however inadequate, the women keep quiet. Their hearts are sore, but they dare not rebel. They fear the fate that may befall their husbands at the front, if they make trouble. Or, if the husband is wounded, they fear he will not be well cared for. Or they fear their children will be taken from them. But these women when spoken to look wise and say: "Wait until our men come back from the front, then you'll see."

The German Government is headed for dis-



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aster, because it has failed to distinguish between two kinds of efficiency — personal efficiency and industrial efficiency. Human beings cannot be treated like machines. It does not make them efficient. The world would do well to copy Germany's industrial efficiency. German hotels, railroads, cars, and factories are the best of their kind. But Germany's attempt to apply her system to individuals is creating havoc. Human beings are efficient when they are imaginative, original, and uncrushable. That is why France has out-shone all other belligerents. Her people can turn a shirt-waist factory into a munition factory overnight. Germany would spend three months cataloguing and drawing plans. England would be too bound by tradition and custom to make such an adjustment. She would build a new factory.

A year ago, I nursed the wounded French soldiers. They could discuss anything from feminism to American politics. The German common soldier dares talk only what he has been taught. The English "Tommy" is too stolid to talk of anything.

Under paternalism we feed, clothe, and spank our babies, and they may become good-natured,

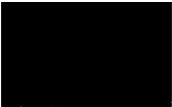


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obedient, and cultured people. But if the roof blows off the house and the children are thrust out to meet bears and snakes undirected, they are helpless.

There is only one real preparedness, and that is preparation for life. That is to be had, not by drill and obedience, but by learning self-control through self-government. Only people who do their own thinking and steering have value. When children have become efficient, put them together to learn united action. The force of thinking people, acting as one, is gigantic. Secretary Daniels talks of introducing self-government into the American Navy. Self-government has proved a successful method of dealing with convicts. It is a method that will be even more valuable for the ordinary citizen. If the American Navy becomes really self-governing, its efficiency will make the English Navy look tired.

The wonder of the world is not Germany or England, but France. Germany in years of preparation built up an army, and laid in food and munitions for two years. But the two years is up, and the nation begins to crack and crumble. France, on the other hand, in spite of the strain, is still active and vividly alive. Her



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people, undrilled in obedience, but strong in personal efficiency, have stood together as one man. Slowly the German people are disintegrating. In March or April, if not before, unless securing the food supply in Roumania puts off the evil day, the potatoes will give out, and there will be riots. When this occurs, if Lloyd George is still making speeches about crushing Germany, the German militarists by these speeches may drive the people together in a campaign of desperation and horror. Belgians will be seized and abused, submarine terrors multiplied. But if a hand of sympathy is extended to the German worker, he will riot, not against mankind, but against his own Government. Militarism will be overthrown. Now is the critical moment. Ought we not to aid the awakened, struggling German in his fight against Imperialism?



CHAPTER V

SIGNS OF UNREST AND REBELLION

I HAD been in Berlin two weeks. I wanted to see other portions of Germany. I learned there was to be an official tour for journalists. I went to the German Press Bureau. "Could I visit some prison camps?" I inquired. "If you let me and I find they are good, I should be glad to say so." The young man in charge of the German Press is keenly intelligent. He represented the civil authorities—the Von Hollweg group. There is a vast difference between the civil and military authorities. The civil are much more liberal. They are eager to send news to America. I was told of a nine-day tour which included a visit to two prison camps, and invited to join the expedition. These trips are magnificent feats in German propaganda. An intelligent director conducts a group of reporters through the country. All expenses are paid and the journalists fêted and feasted. It is hard



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to view Germany impartially when fed on champagne. I delayed my departure for a day. It was the moment of the Liebnecht trial and I wished to be present in case of an uprising. Also by this postponement, I avoided the special car assigned to journalists and could pay my own railroad fare to Karlsruhe.

Berlin had been very interesting. I was loath to leave. As I came back to the Adlon for afternoon tea there was a great crowd around the entrance. A person in much gold braid and military trappings stood in the hallway. A hushed awe pervaded the place. Even the American reporters were humbly cringing in corners. The royal princess was upstairs. She and others of the nobility were on their way to a funeral. A Russian officer, who had intermarried with the German nobility, had been killed at the front, and the relatives were attending his funeral. Having had tea and readjusted their veils, the royal party descended. The ladies were in deepest mourning, their veils so thick that not a speck of face was visible. A sacred circle surrounded them, into which no one stepped. The crowd was pushed back. Carlyle and his clothes theory flashed upon me. These people were just a



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bundle of clothes. How much heart and brain lay beneath. If only one could dress royalty in bathing suits, it would be easier to form estimates. Outside were shining carriages, fat and prancing horses (the only fat horses in Berlin) and spick and span liveried servants. A silent crowd watched the entrance into the coaches. But it pressed up close to this bit of luxury. I wondered if the princess through her black veil could see the pale, thin faces peering in the carriage windows.

Next day was the Liebknecht trial. No paper announced it, but word had been passed to me by the Social Democrats. That day I was up early. I took a taxi and drove 'round and 'round the big grim barracks where Liebknecht was said to be imprisoned. But all was still. No crowd gathered. There was no royal ceremonial for this brave spirit. Bitterly disappointed by the lack of demonstration, I sought out some Social Democrats. They were Liebknecht's intimate friends. I took two taxis and three electric trams to elude spies, jumping from one to another. These radicals were as disappointed as I that nothing had occurred. The factory workers were to have made a protest. A large body was



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to have gone on strike. A little leaflet stating time and place for the demonstration was to have been distributed. But the leaflet failed to arrive. A big package reached Berlin, but when opened it contained a soldier's uniform. The Government had gotten wind of the plot and seized the leaflets, substituting the uniform. No one dared make inquiries. It would have meant imprisonment.

Few people outside Germany know of the extensive revolt carried on by the radicals. The day of Liebknecht's imprisonment 5500 workers in one munition factory alone, just outside Berlin, went on strike for the entire day. There were similar protests throughout the country. A detailed statement was given me but I dared not carry such literature about.

The Liebknecht following grows. The workers more and more flock to his standard to the infinite dissatisfaction of the major wing of the Social Democratic party. The demonstration that caused Liebknecht's arrest will go down in history. Several thousand were gathered in Leipsicerstrasse and Potsdamerplatz. They had come to talk peace. But when Liebknecht appeared a mighty shout went up from a thousand



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throats. "Hurrah for Liebknecht." Liebknecht raised his hand for silence. Then steadily, though knowing the cost, he said: "Do not shout for me, shout rather we will have no more war. We will have peace — now." Two young women standing near pulled his sleeve. "Don't," they begged; "it means the end for you." But the crowd had taken up the cry. "We will have peace now." It went echoing down the street in a mighty roar. Police were already at Liebknecht's side. He smiled at the young women and said: "Never mind; I am the best victim." But he was not the only victim. The two young women who had never before met Liebknecht and had taken no part in the demonstration are to-day also in prison.

The number in prison is astounding. In Stuttgart 400 are serving terms. There are corresponding numbers in all big cities, but I cannot be sure enough of my memory to quote accurately. But these victims are not suffering in vain. The military authorities clap every Liebknecht radical behind the bars, but they cannot stop the growing popular demand for peace. They dare not. The major wing of the Social Democratic party have taken advantage of this.



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Throughout Germany under their auspices peace meetings are being held. Everywhere people are signing a petition for peace, on the basis of *status quo* before the war. As long as the demands are kept to this, peace meetings are tolerated. Not to permit them would be fatal. There is a low, ominous murmur rising from the people.

Most of the leaders in Liebknecht groups are in prison, but the followers fight on. No longer openly because they fear prison, but quietly and insidiously. Gradually they are spreading revolt among the workers. The spirit of freedom is abroad in Germany. It can never again be wholly crushed.

Present among the group of Social Democrats with whom I talked was the young daughter of a prominent member. Her father is at the front. He was snatched up and sent there despite all protest. "Thank God, I'm near-sighted," he said; "naturally, I will never kill any one, and my failure to land a bullet may be mistaken for bad eyesight, in which case I will get back to you." His sixteen-year-old daughter is as vivid and radiant as a spring morning. She is in the thick of the work her father left. Not long ago



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she and 500 young people, boys and girls, between the ages of thirteen and twenty had a demonstration. It was a holiday and they went to the country for a day of comradeship. Toward evening, when the setting sun added its glow to those young and fearless faces; they came marching back along the country road singing "The Marseillaise." Over them they bore a banner which read: "We are the advance guard of the proletariat." They passed only one policeman on their entry into the city. He was helpless before this indomitable five hundred. He could make no arrests, but he ordered them to disband. Many of the young girls were clad in gymnasium costume. The policeman was horrified. In factories and subways everywhere women wear bloomers, but this shocked policeman, shuddered to see young girls with pigtails so clad. The young crowd surrounded the officer gaily. Laughter was on their lips, humor shone in their eyes, as they gave out wrong names and wrong addresses. For a painful hour with furrowed brow the worried official wrote busily. To this day he is still hunting for those unlady-like House-Fraus.

It was with reluctance I took leave of this lit-



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the radical group. It was late evening when I reached the Adlon. A spirit of excitement and tenseness pervaded the street. It had all day. Policemen lurked on every corner. An unusual number of spies were abroad. It was evident the Government feared an uprising. But it had planned a judicious stroke. For some time there had been rumors that the *Deutschland* was back in Bremen. But if it was, the Government suppressed the fact. It kept that sugar plum for a psychological moment.

This evening, when all thoughts were centered on Liebnecht's fate, seemed the needed moment. As I came down "Unter den Linden," a news sheet was slipped in my hand. These leaflets were being distributed broadcast gratis by the "Berliner Morgen Post." In splashing black letters across the page was, "*U Boat Deutschland eingetroffen An Bord Alles Wohl.*" A little thrill coursed through me. It was magnetic and contagious. Life and color came to the eye of the spy, pedestrian and soldier alike. This was a deed of which all Germany could be proud. It bound all together. Temporarily steps grew light and heads went up. It was interesting to note the difference in effect produced by this

Sonder-Ausgabe.

BERLINER



MORGENPOST

Mehr als 400.000 Abonnenten

№ 227.

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Donnerstag, 23. August 1916

Preis: 10 Pf.

18. Jahrg.

U-Boot „Deutschland“ eingetroffen.

Bremen, 23. August 1916.

Eigener Drahtbericht.

Das erste Untersee-Handelschiff
„Deutschland“ ist heute vor der Weser-
mündung angekommen und hat dort Anker ge-
worfen. An Bord alles wohl.

Reproduziert aus dem Original, das sich im Besitz des Reichsarchivs befindet.

A facsimile of the handbill circulated in Berlin the evening the
Deutschland reached Bremen for the first time.



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news and that of the sinking of the *Lusitania*.

I was in Berlin a year ago, just after the *Lusitania* disaster. Then the crowd was excited, angry, and sullen, doggedly determined to make the world think that act justifiable. But no pride shone from eyes. But the *Deutschland* news was different. It was as though a great gust of self-respect had flooded the nation. Next morning hidden in the back sheets of the papers was a tiny paragraph of six lines announcing Liebknecht had been sentenced to four years' imprisonment at hard labor. But sprawled over the entire paper in great black letters was the *Deutschland's* story. It was hard to riot against a Government that had just done something of which all were proud.

I left in the early morning. I was to make a side trip and visit a home for war-orphans before joining the touring expedition. During my entire stay in Berlin I had clamored to see homes for war-orphans, without success. Either there were none near Berlin or they were not for inspection. But I was told a model institution had just been established outside Leipsic. This I should see. After traveling from 7.30 until 4, and taking five trains, I was presented to twenty-



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five war-orphans. My temper, I confess, was ruffled. I had seen hundreds of index cards describing destitute children, and now after a strenuous day twenty-five "kiddies" were exhibited. There can be no doubt it was a model institution. It was a farm situated among hills with well-equipped buildings. The institution served two purposes: it trained hospital nurses and these women during their training cared for the children. The nurses were kindly. It was evident they did their best for their charges. One group of three little sisters had lost a father at the front, and their mother, an actress, had gone insane from grief. The only criticism I had to make was that the children, regardless of parentage or inclination, were all being trained for domestic service. Germany's relentless methods of education are often appalling. I came across one very distressing example.

At the beginning of the war German refugees, mothers and children in other lands, were allowed to return to the Fatherland, while the men were interned in the enemy's country. Frequently these mothers and babies had no money. When this was the case the German Government assigned the mothers work in dif-



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ferent places and put their children in institutions. Many a mother to-day is a broken wreck in a hospital through loss of husband and children.

I protested vigorously at this separation of families, but the authorities assured me it had to be. They said, "When we kept mothers and children together, the mothers quarreled and it made too much trouble."

The real truth of the matter, I fear, is that Germany wanted to train the boys in one institution to be soldiers and the girls in another to be domestic servants.

I make this statement advisedly because it is corroborated by another incident. I had seen how the poor suffered for lack of food. I knew if babies with adoring mothers and soldiers with devoted wives went hungry, unloved war-orphan had no chance in the struggle.

The suffering of destitute children haunted me until an idea came. No one in the world could willingly want babies to starve. The thing to do was to charter big ocean steamers, gather up hungry children, and bring them to America. In America we could feed and clothe them until the war was over. No nation on earth would

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dare molest such a shipload. Rich Americans, I felt sure, could be counted on to finance the scheme.

I went to the German Red Cross authorities with my plan. I was given great praise for my kindly intention, but the authorities were adamant. Starving or not, German babies must be educated in Germany. Only one kind of education was adequate—German education. A year of American training was not to be tolerated.

But such an attitude is sheer madness. I told many German workers about my project. As their children slip down hill from want of nourishment, they will rise in wrath against a Government that refused such aid.

After two hours in the orphans' home I departed. With the aid of two more trains I reached Leipsic. Here I had a solitary dinner in a big empty hotel. The dinner consisted of chicken and a baked apple, and two almost white rolls presented to me by the orphan asylum.

At midnight I took the train for Karlsruhe. I had supposed I was boarding a sleeper, but I had to change cars at one-thirty A. M.

This first train was bound for the Western



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front. It was packed with soldiers. An officer hearing my bad German was inclined to question me and be over-friendly, but he soon desisted. In my compartment were three soldiers and a merchant. Soldiers rarely have the luxury of sleepers. So they lowered the light and crouched down in their corners, prepared to sleep.

It was a weird sensation being flung so closely against this evidence of war. By the tiny gleam of light I could just see the outline of those military figures and the knives sticking in each boot. I fell to wondering how many stabs each knife had given.

It was a relief an hour and a half later to change trains.

The next morning, somewhat weary, I arrived at my destination. I had been on nine trains the preceding day to see twenty-five war orphans.

My party was out when I reached the hotel. They were viewing the monuments of Karlsruhe. It was with relief that I settled down into the attractive room assigned. I foresaw it would be restful to have every act prearranged by others.

I was dressing for lunch when I heard a great commotion. German life is so dull these days



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that anything causes excitement. There was a great clattering of hoofs. That in itself was unusual. I hurried to the window. Coming down the square was row on row of open carriages. Barefooted children were running beside them. It must be at least the royal ruler of the Duchy of Baden, I thought. But no, the carriages were stopping in front of the hotel. They were old-fashioned affairs, pulled by resurrected white horses. On the boxes sat aged little men in uniforms many sizes too large. Their silk hats came down over their ears. Then I chortled with glee. Yes—it was—our party of nineteen scrubby reporters. All this pomp and ceremony was for us.

I felt like Alice in Wonderland transformed into the Red Queen. The gaping populace stood about, while the press alighted with all the dignity they could muster. It was funny and tragic. Germany had no one else to entertain and we were treated like royalty.

Downstairs all was commotion. An elaborate luncheon was being prepared. The Chamber of Commerce was entertaining us. There were two gentlemen to each reporter. An excuse for a big meal is a godsend to-day.



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These gentlemen had spared no expense. We had seven or eight courses; two or three kinds of wine, including champagne. We ate for over two hours.

It seemed cruel when I remembered Germany's poor. That long swaying line of people in the north of Berlin, struggling for potatoes. Yet it was impossible to be angry with the Chamber of Commerce. These gentlemen were so kindly, so childlike in their obvious desire to be friends with people from neutral lands.

Gracious speeches were made which I did not understand. Perhaps it was well I did n't, for I could clink glasses and drink to unknown toasts. But all the time my heart ached for the hungry people outside and the following questions never ceased to torment me. If the war kept on would n't the radicals at the front and the radicals in prison be killed and starved while the military leaders and the jingoes which the world professed to hate be kept intact? Did n't the German military authorities want the war to continue until all the strong men were killed, so they could browbeat and discipline the young boys and women left and build up a more powerful military autocracy than ever? But if peace



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came, if the men came back, if suffering humanity came together, what would happen then? Would n't that be death to militarism? Did n't the militarists fear that moment?

My mind painted a picture. I knew what would happen. I saw them, the young guard of the proletariat, indomitable groups of five hundred, marching from every corner of Germany to the palace gates.

Yes, if *peace* comes before *death*, the Government will have to pay.

CHAPTER VI

A TOUR FOR JOURNALISTS — PRISON CAMPS AND HOSPITALS

September, 1916.

THE official tour for journalists began its sight seeing in Karlsruhe. It was under direction of a Herr Dr. Shoemacher. Journalists from neutral countries were to be shown the greatness of Germany. All expenses were paid. There were nineteen press representatives, including myself: four women and fifteen men. We came from Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Spain, and America. The one other American was a woman who lives in Germany and writes for the "New York Journal." Some of us were quite scrubby. But several of the gentlemen had dress suits and nearly all clean collars. I had a mussy evening dress creased from a steady traveling in a hand bag, but the other American lady blossomed out in a black silk.



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At first it was a little difficult to live up to our surroundings. No money was spared for our entertainment. We traveled in a special car. Carriages and taxis resurrected from the past met us at the station and conducted us to expensive hotels.

But one quickly learns to be autocratic. In a day even the gentleman without a clean collar was critical if he had n't a private bath. The moment of descent on a new city was thrilling. As the train drew in to the station, lined up on the platform would be a group of prominent citizens, retired generals, covered with gold braid and medals, wealthy merchants, the Burgermaster and Ober-Burgermaster, and other city officials, while the populace crowded in the background. At such moments I descended from the train as graciously as I could and extended my hand. Often I had it kissed. It was difficult to remember we were only reporters.

After luncheon in Karlsruhe, given by the Chamber of Commerce, at which champagne was served, we were all very friendly. At three we set off for the crippled soldiers' hospital at Ettlingen. With a private car we reached that suburb in a few moments. As we walked through



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the village streets headed by distinguished-looking generals, dirty half-naked, underfed children sprawled on doorsteps, and through an open door of a big building I saw a long line of patient people buying potatoes. The Lazarette for armless and legless men is impressive. It has a great stretch of open ground and many well-equipped buildings.

The first room we entered contained surgical appliances. Suspended in each machine was a man. One hung by his shoulders having his neck stretched. Another lay face downward having a leg pulled. A third endured the twisting of a thumb and hand. Many of the patients were white with pain, beads of perspiration stood upon their foreheads. I shrank back. It was like entering Mme. Tussand's chamber of horrors, only these were living men, not wax figures. But the military doctors were urging us forward. With great pride they exhibited their inventions. It was the machine that counted. But I looked in the men's faces. Their expressions varied. Sometimes it was patient endurance, but often I saw anger and resentment.

Much of interest was shown. At one time we were treated to a circus performance. A squad



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of one-legged men was called to do dumb-bell exercises. Nearly all kept their balance, only one or two lurched and tottered. Then a group of armless or one-armed men were made to jump wooden horses and do kindred stunts. "Don't the men object to being exhibited?" I asked, as I viewed the maimed group before me. "They did at first," was the reply, "but we soon broke them in and now they do it quite willingly." At the end of the performance we were taken to the room of false limbs. Here were steel arms with great iron hooks. These are called week-day arms. The Sunday arms are imitations of the real thing. Few but officers have Sunday arms. It was a weird scene, this exhibition of the latest invention in arms and legs. It might have been a demonstration in automobiles. Our little group stood or sat about while the military doctors produced crippled patients and strapped on appliances.

The doctor's talk ran as follows: "This one has had his leg off just below the knee but he walks quite well," and he started the man down the room.

"This one—" jerking another wreck forward—"has one leg off at the knee and the other at



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the thigh but see how well he walks," and the maimed wreck was pranced up and down before us. "Now this one," continued the doctor with pride, "has had both legs and an arm removed but you see he is quite satisfactory." I began to feel in a horrible nightmare. It seemed to me in another moment the doctor would be saying, "Now this man had his head shot off and we have substituted a wooden one. We found the spine controlled muscular action and he makes a perfectly satisfactory worker."

Never once in the whole afternoon was the soul of those tortured bodies considered. The long hospital wards were clean but ugly. There were no flowers, no pictures, no games, no graphaphones. The men looked utterly wretched. When I commented on the need of amusement the reply was, "It doesn't do to spoil the men; they don't want to work afterward."

From the hospital we made a hurried trip back to Karlsruhe and, packing bags, dashed for the train. As we passed through the station I noticed a large sign with a huge index finger. It said, "In case of aeroplanes go into the cellar." It was at Karlsruhe that eighty women and chil-



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dren were killed by bombs from French aeroplanes.

Our special car took us to Baden Baden.

I closed my eyes wearily but we were soon at our destination. At the station were the open victorias and white horses, and we made a triumphant journey to the hotel. But then came a hitch. No baggage appeared. We sat in the hotel parlor and the minutes slipped by. Across the way on the Casino terrace elaborate dinner preparations were going forward. The "Stadt" (city) was entertaining us this evening. A long table with sixty places and covered with flowers was being made ready. At a short distance were many small tables where wealthy citizens sat and humbly gazed from afar. Generals in glittering uniforms and the Ober-Burgomaster and other city officials began to arrive. And still we sat on in that hotel parlor. It didn't matter much if our luggage was lost. Still it was too bad not to have the clean collars and my evening dress for this grand occasion.

An hour rolled by, then came word that our possessions were on the way. This is what had occurred. When we reached Baden Baden our luggage was in our special car, but it had been



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thrown in without being labeled. Still it must have been evident to the station master that the bags belonged to us. But the German official mind does n't work that way. Once break the chain in efficiency and you have to begin all over. The stuff went back to Karlsruhe to get labeled and start out properly. It seems stupid of the Allies to be killing millions of men when the way to victory lies in slipping bolts that will topple the whole German fabric.

We scampered into our clothes and arrived late and flushed at the dinner party. There were charming red roses at my plate. It was a sumptuous meal, an hour long, with everything from oysters to ices, and a grand mixture of wines. A German general sat on my right and a prominent citizen on the left. Though I understood some German I still could not speak it. But the German general was very attractive, so I just smiled and murmured, "*Ja wohl.*" His thinness bothered me, and when we were half through dinner and the champagne had warmed his heart he said confidently, "My clothes no longer fit; I have lost twenty-four pounds around the waist." His childlike confession was pathetic, but he had a stoical pride that was thrill-

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ing, for, he added, "It's been much better for my health getting thin — all the German people are better off for this shortage of meat and fat." But he ate hungrily as did every one else.

These dinner parties were a splendid excuse for a little joy. All through the meal a band played gayly. Thoughts of war vanished. The Casino garden with its lights, its music, and thronging people seemed a fairyland. It was n't until we left and passed through the iron gates that reality returned. You cannot enter the Casino garden without a membership ticket. Consequently pressed against the outer railing were the lean and hungry populace of Baden Baden. The taste in my mouth grew bitter. It suddenly became very difficult to go on with this life of luxury.

The next morning we visited the baths. They are gorgeous affairs much like those of ancient Rome. There is every conceivable kind of treatment for every conceivable disease. Whole houses devoted to vapor inhalations. After we had all been treated and reduced to sneezes and coughs we were conducted by funicular to the top of a two thousand foot mountain.

Baden Baden is a heavenly spot. From that



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glorious mountain top the glowing landscape stretches out on every side. It was impossible to believe war raged a few miles away. There was the shining meadow land with the glittering Rhine, winding in and out; the thickly wooded hills, somber in shadows, fitting their name "Black Forest," and far off on the horizon dimly rose a church steeple. It marked the city of Strassburg. On a clear day when the wind is right the booming of cannon can be heard.

But nothing in that serene and smiling scene spoke of death. I remembered the remark of a German woman; "Thank God," she said, "the fighting is n't in our land. We are suffering badly, but at least our beloved country is n't being destroyed."

Again the "Stadt" fed us. This time on the mountain top. Again we clinked glasses and drank toasts. In the afternoon a special electric car took us about the town. We saw parks and fountains and flower gardens and the modern art gallery, and were introduced to the aged and distinguished painter, Hans Thoma.

At five o'clock we again set forth in our private car. This time for Heidelberg. I had begun to grow very weary of constant entertainment,

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besides I felt myself a prisoner. I had overheard the gentleman who danced attendance at Baden Baden say to my future guide in Heidelberg, as he delivered me over, "Never let her out of your sight."

At Heidelberg there was a quiet dinner in the hotel, but in the evening we were given a concert in the Park, where more beer and wine flowed. It was a dreary affair. Few people were present. Heidelberg is no longer the gay, alive, little university town I had known a few years before. A great stillness hangs over it. Scarcely any one moves on the streets. The university grounds are empty. No students flocked to *patisseries* for *café* and *appel-kuchen*. There is no *appel-kuchen*. Only soldiers file past, most of them mere boys.

Heidelberg outdid herself for our entertainment. She had requisitioned some official automobiles for our service. The next morning came the great adventure. We were taken to visit a camp for war prisoners. It is a camp for English, French, and Russian officers. It is situated on the outskirts of the town. The buildings are the new barracks recently erected for German soldiers, but never so used. With the automobiles



The Prison Camp at Heidelberg for French, English, and Russian Officers



The Sitting Room in the Prison Camp at Heidelberg

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we were there in a few moments. As we passed inside the high wire fence we saw a great open square. This was laid out in three tennis courts. Unmistakable Englishmen were playing strenuous tennis. There were 300 prisoners, including officers and orderlies. We spent an hour in inspection and were hurried from room to room. There was a billiard room, a sitting-room, library, dining-room, kitchen, and sleeping quarters, also a shop. All the prisoners receive money from home. In the store they can buy anything from tennis rackets to food. The actual cash is not given the men but instead an equivalent in imitation money.

We saw more of the buildings than the prisoners, but those we saw looked well. They had color and life. There was no doubt the camp was a good one. But there was no fraternizing between the German officers and the prisoners. All were rigidly silent. I spoke a word of greeting to one or two English and French officers. Their faces lit up when addressed, and their eyes shone, when I added, "I am an American." One Englishman volunteered: "You don't know how good it is to speak to a woman; it's so long since we've seen any one but the enemy."



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Some men had been interned two years. I knew they must be homesick and I wanted to give them news from home but dared not. I heard a young American, a volunteer in the English army, was in camp. I asked permission to speak to him privately. This was granted. I stepped to one side with the youth. We had only gotten as far as his name (C. G. Martin) when my ever-faithful attendant loomed up. Further confessions were useless. I tried to warn the young American. I feared he would mistake my companion for a compatriot, for that gentleman spoke excellent English and had no Teutonic earmarks. But young Martin didn't heed the warning. He continued blithely, "There is much to complain of in the camp, the beds are terribly hard and there is frightful overcrowding." The German gentleman at my elbow turned red, but to me the criticism was trivial. That a wealthy, young American should limit his criticisms to hard beds and overcrowding indicated clearly the camp was a good one. But more followed. He continued: "An English officer by the name of McLane tried to escape and got caught. He has been put in solitary confinement without trial. For ten days he has had no exercise and is grow-



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ing ill." By this time my German companion was enraged. I dare delay departure no longer. As we left we brought Mr. McLane's case before the German officials. They said he was receiving the same discipline a German soldier would have had to endure for a similar offense. I did not doubt this. I remembered the wounded at the Lazarette. German soldiers are suffering greater torment at the hand of their own Government than are the enemy prisoners.

But the prison camp at Heidelberg was depressing. Places of confinement always are. It was the depression of suppression. There is a relentlessness about the German official that to a free spirit is suffocating. As an honored guest even I felt it. I had become suddenly glad I was an American. Not from love of country but because America is a democracy. Champagne, hand-kissing, and physical comfort cannot take the place of liberty.

From the prison camp we went to inspect the gas works. These had recently been built and were shown us as a demonstration of what Germany can do in spite of war. From the gas works we repaired to the famous sixteenth century restaurant "Der Ritter." Here we had



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light luncheon of more beer and wine, and cavier sandwiches. Yes — real cavier.

After this treat we walked to the ancient "Schloss." It is a massive half-ruined castle on the hillside. We sat on broken pillars and listened to a historical discourse. At two o'clock we were on top of a mountain having another gorgeous repast, given by the city. We had a private dining-room with a table for sixty. There were flowers for the ladies, and six or seven courses and unlimited beverages. I began to throw a hate on drinks. My sleep had become troubled dreams of processions of *mittagessens* and *abenddessens*. No wonder reporters who make official tours and never see anything else of Germany report the land flowing with plenty.

In the afternoon we had a beautiful motor trip. We went far out into the country following the course of the Necker. This part of Germany is smiling and fertile, quite different from the North. About Hamburg and Berlin and on the journey to the south the land was barren, dry, and juiceless. It looked moth-eaten and fly-bitten. The lack of fertility showed in pale faces and lusterless hair, and the thinness and stringiness of the meat and fish.



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Late that afternoon the pilgrimage began again. This time we went to Mannheim. We arrived at seven. Here we produced every speck of finery. The "Stadt" gave us a magnificent dinner in the Friederich's park. It seemed to me I should die if I drank another toast, but I saw a failure to appear would be taken amiss.

That night Italy and Rumania declared war, but the dinner party was as joyous as ever. Neither by look or word was there a sign that anything had happened. These smiling gentlemen had the confidence of gods. One could not but admire their bearing. The Rumanian reporter in our midst had to leave, but he was strongly pro-German and declared as he departed he would never return to his country.

During the succeeding days it was evident from the newspapers and the talk that Germany was concentrating on her new enemy. Rumania had great wheat and oil supplies. These must be had. Germany's best generals and best troops were moved quickly to the Rumania front. With food and grease beyond the border the army could be counted on for heroic deeds.

The first morning in Mannheim I woke suddenly. For a moment I did n't realize where I

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was. I had been given a parlor suite. I was lost in my gigantic sitting-room with five windows. I lay still a moment. Then gay music came floating through the window. It was that which had awakened me. I stepped out on my balcony. It was early, only seven. There was a drizzly rain. Not a pedestrian was on the street, but coming down the square was a regiment of soldiers. The band played cheerily, but the men's feet dragged. Tired eyes looked out of pale faces. Great God, how long was this horror to keep up! I felt as though I was going mad. To dine in a rose garden and awaken to such a scene. Germany was getting on my nerves.

That morning our time was divided between a slaughter-house and a milk depot. These visits were intended to show Germany's great food supply. At the slaughter-yards were four great buildings for animals, but only one was occupied. A bullock was to be killed for our benefit. Poor, little lonely bullock. I was n't, of course, present at the death, but the men reporters crowded to the slaughter. There was something pathetic in the incident. Reporters from every quarter of the globe under the escort of prominent German citizens— assembled to see Germany kill



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one bullock. It was the only creature slain during our hour's stay. The importance of the event demonstrated as nothing else could Germany's need. In fact the whole trip was evidence of that — "Why spend vast sums on luncheons and dinners to impress reporters? Why not let us make tours of inspection unsupervised?"

In the milk depots there were four great tanks and only one in use. All the cream from this supply was being turned into butter and put in cold storage.

In another building a dozen women were cutting and drying vegetables, string beans and potatoes, and storing them in bags for the winter. But such work done by hand is a drop in the bucket. Hand labor could n't even supply an industrial center like Mannheim.

At noon there was an elaborate luncheon in a hotel given by the Merchants' Association and after that a *special* treat. A Rhine steamboat had been chartered. It was decorated from stem to stern with gay flags and bunting. It looked like the Kaiser's yacht on a spree. The entire populace of Mannheim came to the river front to view it. This was the first evidence of luxury

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and festivity the city had had since the war. The crowd broke into cheers. It did n't know what it was cheering for, but it was good to yell for something. At departure ours was the only boat on the Rhine. Women and children ran along the banks and waved at us. At every little village the entire town turned out. To have something happen was a godsend. For two years nothing had occurred but death notices. During the afternoon our boat passed two others. The wharves along the river front were empty and still. This is the tragedy of Germany. Its internal silence and decay. Activity, except to create necessities, has stopped. There is no piling up of goods for America. Smoke comes but from one factory in four. Supplies and workers are giving out. There is little leather. Children in Berlin are going barefoot. The blankets to go under horse saddles are giving out. Linen and cotton for fuses are running low. All the linen in Belgium has been appropriated. Rubber is very scarce. In a dark corner of a munition factory I saw rubber tubes from hospital douche bags piled high to be turned into munition. Every family has given all the brass or copper it had. Of what use are outer victories



A TOUR FOR JOURNALISTS

when internally the kingdom cracks and crumbles.

In gardens sun flowers are cherished instead of roses for they give a drop of oil. In barren fields an old woman and scarecrow keep guard. Or a woman with a baby in a carriage and two toddlers at her skirt tries to toss hay. And funereal wreaths pass and repass through the land.

The soldiers at the front push forward, but at home death lurks. Under such circumstances of what avail are military triumphs and militarism? They are but hollow mockeries.



CHAPTER VII

WOMEN FACTORY WORKERS

WE journalists had been five days on our sightseeing tour when we reached Mannheim. On the sixth day came the trip on the Rhine. Our gayly decorated boat had a destination. It was a large paper factory situated on the river bank. This factory manufactured many useful things besides paper. Silk was extracted from wood fiber. Also a thread which when woven made sacks for the army. Burlap is scarce. The raw material was supplied by a little forest directly in the rear. The trees were cut down and shipped on a single rail track to the factory gates. Germany is using up her wood supply. The workers employed numbered a thousand as compared to two thousand before the war. The factory runs in two shifts, going night and day. There are several hundred women. Formerly, except for office work, there were none. The women perform heavy manual



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labor. A gang of them were aiding Russian prisoners unload tree trunks. They were handling logs five times as big as themselves. Many of these women were mothers. They wore bloomers and had their feet swathed in rags. Their pay was from 2 to 3 marks (50 to 75 cents) a day. The Russian prisoners looked utterly wretched. They were thin and pale. They had great difficulty keeping up with the women. I commented on their appearance. "Yes," I was told, "they have a hard time. Their country does n't send them any money. We try to give them a mark (24 cents) a day, but it is hard to live on that." As we passed out of sight of the prisoners I heard a German foreman angrily order more speed.

The German women and Russian prisoners worked side by side without hostility. There is no conversation, but once I saw a woman secretly assist a sickly Russian. It recalled the stories of German feminists. They were greatly enraged at the imprisonment of certain women. The German soldiers in Belgium, Poland, and elsewhere are encouraged to seek female society. Children born from such unions are considered German, and therefore desired.

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But a German woman must not be friendly with a foreign prisoner. Even a mild flirtation or words of sympathy bring a prison sentence. If she should have a child it would not be German. Such injustices do not go unnoticed. Women are thinking. The modern German woman reasons and backs her reason with passionate energy. Heaven help the Government if she once gets started. Something will give somewhere. I asked the employer if the woman's labor was satisfactory. "Very," he said. "We will probably want to keep them after the war."

As we left the factory the whistle blew. It was six P. M., and time for shifting workers. At the entrance were many tiny children and babies in baby carriages with eager faces and outstretched arms waiting for Mother.

As we boarded our resplendent craft the workers crowded to the river bank. They were silent but interested. It was something cheerful to see. This factory suburb had no "movies," no amusements, only dreary beer gardens, half-filled with sad, sorrowing people.

That night we had dinner at Mannheim in the Rose Garden. A group of business men enter-

**HOTEL MARQUARDT
STUTTGART**

Fleischloser Tag

Dienstag, den 29. August 1916:

Haismehl Suppe

Rheinsalm u. Crevettentunke

Spinatbratlinge

Endivien-Salat u. roten Rüben

Thüringer-Äpfel

--:--

Das Gedeck X 4.--

**Anderungen werden
besonders berechnet.**

A facsimile of the luncheon menu card at the Hotel Marquardt Stuttgart.



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tained us. I could not drink to another unknown toast, so I raised my glass and tried my hand, "Here 's to a just peace." Instantly every glass went up in joyful assent. The man next to me had tears in his eyes. Later he saw me to the hotel entrance, and as he stooped to kiss my hand said, "Thank you for that toast."

Next day we went to Stuttgart. At the station no citizens greeted us. Other cities had fêted us, but here two unknown men were our escort. We went to the best hotel, and ate our lunch unheralded. I managed to smuggle out the menu. The lunch consisted of soup, fish, spinach, lettuce salad and a cooked apple, and cost one dollar.

There was no bread, butter or sugar. If you had a bread card you received one piece of bread. Such a meal has no substance.

In the afternoon we visited a piano factory. It occupied half a block. There were perhaps two dozen workers, nearly all old men. It was a pitiful affair. The manager said he had ten times as many orders as he could fill.

Citizens in neutral countries who have made fortunes want luxuries, but the piano manufacturer could not get workers or wood. The white



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mahogany needed comes from America. Germany is not piling up goods. She has neither workers or raw material. Many factories are closed.

That evening we journalists had again to be content with our own society. The Prussian Press was not looked upon with favor by the Duchy of Württemberg. Permission had been given by the Prussian civil authorities to visit a Russian prison camp at Stuttgart but the Württemberg military authorities flatly refused admittance. A reporter from Holland, disgusted with the little he had seen and the refusal to let him visit a prison camp, left in wrath.

The next day the rest of us meekly inspected the Bosch munition factories. These factories formerly made magnetos. Now they turn out great quantities of munitions. Before the war there were 6000 workers. There are still that number. But formerly only 700 women were employed, now there are 4000. Women are handling big machines. They manage their electrically run engines swiftly and well.

A member of the Bosch family was my guide. To my inquiries he replied, "The women work as well as men, but they can't repair their machines,

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and they get ill. Five times as many women as men have to be laid off each week."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "they get thinking about their men at the front."

"No, that can't be," he said. "We speed up the machines and there is no time for thought."

Of the 4000 women, 1200 were mothers. The best pay for the women was 50 pfennig or 12 cents an hour, though for the same work a man received 80 pfennig or 19 cents.

The Bosch factories run night and day in eight-hour shifts. Sometimes the same laborers work through two shifts. I asked about the home life of the women. The Social Worker at the factory gave me several stories. This is one of them. "The woman you inquired about lives in a suburb. She must have been good-looking when she was young, but she has given birth to twelve children, the oldest is thirteen and the youngest six months. Four of her children died. Marie, the oldest girl, is thirteen; Wilhelm, 12; Gertrude, 10; Hilda, 7; Mina, 6; Helen, 4; Erwin, 3; and Gretel 6 months. Her husband worked for nine years in the factory. When the war broke out he was mobilized and joined the army August 4, 1914. Until then they had been

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happy, but that changed everything. They had to move out of their house. They took an apartment of two rooms. It was crowded with nine people in two rooms, but they could not afford anything better. The birth of the last child caused the mother great suffering and she had to give up her factory work. Besides, the little children needed her at home. The imperial authorities give her 75 marks for her husband and the municipal authorities 20 marks for relief. Now that she is n't able to work, Mr. Bosch gives her 84 marks (half her husband's former wages). Altogether she received 179 marks a month (about \$44, but because of depreciation really less). She pays 20 marks (\$4) for her rent. The woman is weak and much shaken in health. At night she worries about her husband and cannot sleep. She weeps a great deal and really the burden laid on her is almost too heavy. She said to me: "We could not possibly live if it was not for the Bosch allowance. All prices have gone up 100 per cent. In order to buy shoes one must do without almost everything else. I cannot go on much longer. I do not mean to complain, and I thank God for what I have had, but it exceeds the strength of one woman to pro-

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vide clothes for eight little children and feed so many mouths regularly."

But this woman is better off than most. Women generally have to live on the government allowance. In this case 95 marks a month. That is why so many mothers go to work. The mother's earnings, plus the husband's pay as a soldier, about equal the man's wages before the war. But prices have everywhere doubled.

As we went through the factory we saw a group of one-armed men workers. They had the steel arms with iron hooks, the week-day arms.

"We like," said Mr. Bosch, "to take wounded men. It makes them feel they are still men if they can work."

"How much do they earn?" I inquired.

Mr. Bosch stepped over to an energetic cripple and repeated my question. I was close at his heels, and I heard the answer, "Nothing at all." Nothing at all! Yet this man worked eight hours a day and handled a big machine. He had to live on the government pension.

It was in the Bosch factories I spied the tell-tale pile of rubber tubing from douche bags. Bicycles in shop windows and on the street are tireless. On September 1st, there were no more



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rubber tires for automobiles. It is difficult to make munitions without rubber. The Bosch family have munition factories in America. It is the same concern and has a common capital. But Bosch in America, it was said, makes munitions for the Allies, while his brother, or his uncle (whichever the relationship is), makes munitions for Germany. The Social Democrats in Stuttgart got wind of this and broke out in revolt. Bosch was summoned to court and tried. But the judge exonerated him, saying: "Mr. Bosch has done nothing detrimental to the interests of his country." This same judge was willing to imprison 400 persons for clamoring for peace.

Life does not flow smoothly in Stuttgart. The people are restless. In the evening the workers crowd upon the street. I longed to investigate, but could not escape supervision. I decided to break way from the journalist expedition. Besides, on the following day I had agreed to meet my Berlin friend in Nuremberg. I feared to wire a change of plans lest we be prevented meeting. All her letters are opened, even those from her children. The military authorities supervise internal mail. Letters going from one part of



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Berlin to another are inspected. My notes were opened.

The director of the expedition strenuously opposed my departure. I escaped only by stating where I was going, to what hotel, and what train I should take. I was also obliged to visit the police and lay my plans before them. I boarded the train with a sigh of relief. It was good to be a little bit free again. My heart beat fast as we drew into Nuremberg at 8 P. M. Would my friend be there? Anxiously I scanned the long line of waiting people. Then my eye lighted on her. We fell into each other's arms. Lack of communication is a terrific strain. To live in a state of doubt and unrest is terrible. It gets on one's nerves.

We went to the biggest and most expensive hotel. Many of the employees in such places are spies. They are not at all cordial. It is a disagreeable atmosphere, but to deliberately live where one can be watched is disarming. It makes one seem harmless.

That evening before retiring we looked under the beds and in all the closets for spies. Then we settled down to a whispered heart-to-heart talk on Germany. For two days we had a heav-



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only time. I wanted my friend to forget the horrors of war. One can almost do this in Nuremberg. It is a sort of backwater. It breathes antiquity. It is quite outside modern life. Its quaint canals and bridges and old buildings date from the fourteenth century. Albert Dürer's house is as it was in 1500. Wars flood the land, but here life remains the same. Yet Nuremberg suffers. Its prosperity depends on the tourists. Formerly one of the richest cities in Germany, it grows daily poorer. The woman guide in Dürer's house was overjoyed to see us. She insisted on talking English. "It will give me a little practice," she said. "I have forgotten nearly all I know, and what shall I do when tourists come again?"

From Nuremberg we went to Munich. The farther south we went, the richer grew the land. The country around Berlin is a barren desert by comparison. And with the increased fertility a corresponding change is noticeable in the people.

The Prussians are cold and proud. The Bavarians warm and friendly. In our second-class compartment was a Bavarian merchant. He was a man of means in the employ of the Government. We were in a nonsmoking com-



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partment, but we saw the gentleman cherishing good cigars. We won favor by suggesting he smoke. He began to talk freely. He had just returned from Switzerland. He displayed a choice brand of Parisian perfume. "It's for my wife," he said. "I managed to smuggle it through from Switzerland. Paid 20 marks for it. There is none to be had in Germany." After we had admired his purchase, he continued: "This war is terrible. I came back from Poland a short time ago. The suffering is unbelievable. The children on the street are skin and bones. I began giving them pennies, but I saw it was useless. A little money is no good. Hundreds are starving. I am sure I don't know what we are coming to. Our own situation is bad. Now that Rumania has gone against us, the Russian will try to join her and cut us off from Turkey. Besides, Bulgaria isn't always friendly; she swings first one way and then another, and Greece is on the eve of revolution. But we must manage somehow. We can't afford to be cut off in the East." After a few moments' silence my friend ventured some remarks concerning peace. The merchant continued: "Every one wants peace, including



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the Government, but the Government is in a tight place. It doesn't dare to continue the war, and it's afraid to make peace. There is no knowing what will happen when peace comes. Other nations won't have anything to do with Germany. There will be no trade. The people will riot. Germany won't be a fit place to live in."

Our train was drawing into Munich and we said good-by to the friendly merchant.

At the hotel we discovered one of the eminent citizens from Mannheim. He had been my constant companion during my stay there. Had he been sent to see if I had arrived in Munich and spy on my plans? We grew uneasy. Henceforth we called all spies by his name, Danstarter. Every day we systematically searched our rooms for Mr. Danstarter. But we found the atmosphere of Munich freer and more cheerful than Berlin. The people and the animals look healthier; the fodder is better; the cattle are still fat; the people walk with a spring. They are sad and sorrowing, but still possess vitality. But the Bavarians begin to hate the Prussians. It crops out everywhere. The first morning in Munich the hotel chambermaid delivered herself



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of her emotions. We were not up—but encouraged by our friendliness she stood at the foot of the bed and let forth a volume. “A curse on 1870,” was her startling beginning. “It was a sad day for Bavaria when she tied up with Prussia. They are bleeding our country to death. Twice as many Bavarians have been killed as Prussians. We have the worst of the fighting. Our men carried Verdun, twice by assault, and then the Prussians let it slip through their fingers. Our men were ordered to take it for the third time. They refused. Then Prussia said unless the men obeyed they would be shot. But our king answered, ‘Not one one man shall die.’ The King and the Kaiser have since made it up, but I tell you the Bavarians hate the Prussians. They are taking our food from us. We had butter, but now it is all gone. The Prussian organization doesn’t help the poor. We get nothing. If you beg you get a little help, otherwise nothing. We live on bread and potatoes. It’s all we have. In the spring the potatoes gave out. There were riots. A policeman was killed and several women were shot. I am not a Social Democrat, but I’m beginning to feel they are right. I think the Ger-



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man Government wants to kill off a lot of the men so it can make the others do what they like. Nothing will happen now; we are helpless; but if our soldiers come back, then there will be a revolution. A little while ago two Bavarian regiments were sent to the front. They were fine young men. Each wore a flower in his button-hole. I saw them start off. They were sent straight to the firing-line. They stepped out of the cars into the middle of battle. Before they had walked a dozen steps every one was shot down. Those two regiments were entirely wiped out in a few minutes. I tell you we hate the Prussians. The Prussian officials in Bavaria are very strict. They are afraid we'll go against them, and they are doing everything to prevent it. The King and the Kaiser are friends, but you wait until after the war!"

This news was vastly interesting. It was midday before we let our little maid go, or thought of getting up. Everywhere we went we heard the same story. The friction between Prussia and Bavaria is natural. The warm, friendly South is as different from the cold, stern North, as the French are from the Eng-



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lish. All sorts of forces are astir in Germany. The working people are unfed and overworked and hate Prussian organization. The women see their babies go without milk and *they* hate Prussian organization. The women in the factories are paid less than the men and they hate Prussian organization. The soldiers are undernourished and killed by the millions and *they* hate Prussian organization. The Liberals see that without universal democratic representation they are helpless, and *they* hate Prussian organization. The duchies in the southeast are bled and *they* hate Prussian organization. This stored-up emotion must have an outlet. With peace will come the reckoning.



CHAPTER VIII

PEACE MEETINGS IN MUNICH

September, 1916.

MUNICH still retains its attractiveness. Its buildings are varied and expressive, not well ordered and methodical. It has touches of Bohemia and Paris. Women sit at cafés and smoke, and little groups gather to discuss knotty problems. Spies are abroad, but despite them people talk. One evening I had several members of the Liebknecht clan at the hotel. For two hours we sat in the restaurant and denounced Prussian organization. When a waiter approached, voices dropped. Still we talked on. This would not have been possible in Berlin. But Bavaria is torn between two elements—the workers and the aristocrats. The wealthy have been Prussianized; the workers only to a small extent. This is how that happened. Official Germany tries to Prussianize her people through education. All schools are under cen-



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tral control. My friend in girlhood was a teacher. Though a German for generations, she comes of Jewish stock. In her native town far from Berlin she taught history. When the central school authorities learned of this, they sent the following order to the school principal: "Do not let that young woman teach history. Only a Prussian may teach German history. Let her teach mathematics."

But Prussia has made one great mistake. A high school education must be paid for. Free education stops with the grammar school. The poor are not as Prussianized as the rich. Army officers must have a high school education. Consequently officers come from the wealthy class and are Prussianized. But the uneducated are free to think. And Bavarians think. The people's influence is everywhere manifest. The food distribution is fairer. Wild birds are to be had without meat cards, but not chickens or ducks. For all supplies, visitors must have cards. The hotels furnish only bread and meat tickets. I refused to go through the red tape needed to secure magistrate's cards for other edibles. The result made meals frugal. Eagerly I would scan a bill of fare. My eye would light



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on a pudding. Pudding is a luxury. "I'll have some," I'd order. "I'm sorry, Madame," the waiter would reply, "but the pudding contains an egg and you have no egg card." In despair I would turn to something else. "Give me this," I would urge. But again would come the answer, "I'm sorry, Madame, but that contains meal and you have no meal card." Food is richer in Munich than in Berlin, for fodder is better and the animals fatter. But I had less to eat than in Prussia.

Yet in spite of Bavaria's attempt to democratize food, her poor go hungry. As in Berlin, there are long lines of people struggling for potatoes. The wages of unskilled workers have not perceptibly increased. The poor can't afford the city feeding kitchens. Munich is one of Germany's richest cities but it has extreme poverty. Its slums are picturesque but relics of the Dark Ages. In one section is a group of tiny, cellarless houses. They have quaint gables and chimneys, and look big enough for Tom Thumb and his wife. But they hang over dirty little canals. They have no running water. A toilet and a pump common to all is situated in the street. Ill health is the result.



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The Social Democrats are indignant over this sore. They resent such wretchedness in wealthy Munich. "People are starving," they declare, and sent me to a church to see poverty at its worst. The church belongs to a group of Dominican monks. The friars beg on the street corner for food. Whatever they get they put into a big pot and boil. The liquid mass so made is served each day free to the poor. The hour for distribution is noon. At eleven, humanity's dregs begin to assemble — tottering old men with white beards and tattered clothes, skinny, bent old women swathed in rags, and barefooted, dirty, ghastly pale children. Some of the children had a cup. They mean to take a portion of slops home to mother or grandmother. But most could n't afford cups. They possessed only a spoon. The stench from the thin, brown liquid was nauseating. A big, iron pot was placed on a stool. The little crowd gathered about. There were no chairs. Tottering old people and tiny children huddled over the sickening mess. Simultaneously they dove in spoons and began shoveling down the liquid. The lips sucked in. There were gurgles and snorts. They were like dogs about a bone.



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They snatched and shoved and grunted. One old man, luckier than the rest, possessed a cup. In spite of his rags he was stately. He had white hair and a white beard and a splendidly shaped head. He looked a second Carlyle. He took his cup to the churchyard. But there he stood. He was too hungry to go farther. He drank ravenously and licked every inch of the cup. A terrible nausea seized me. I turned away, shaken. I still had some money from the Christian Work Fund. I turned to the young Social Democrat.

"I know it is n't solving any problem," I said, "but let 's feed them."

She nodded and her face lighted up. "Suppose we take them to the City feeding kitchen," she suggested.

I agreed. We lined up the little company. They could n't believe the news. Each was afraid to be last lest he be left. Down the street we went, a great row of bowed and bent old people shuffling after, and little children clinging to our skirts. We bought meal tickets for each for a week. As the checks were handed out a gnarled and twisted old figure would shoot down the entrance hall to the big eating room.

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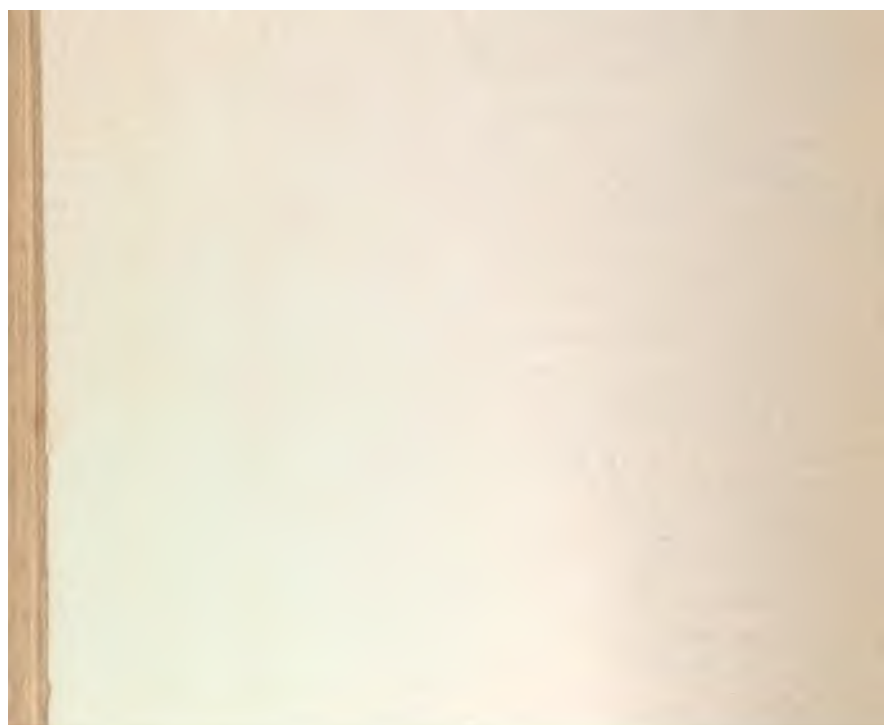
Youth for a moment came back to those tottering feet. They ran half tumbling. There was no time for thanks. Death was at the door and life had suddenly been thrust out to them.

We stayed with the children. There were nine in one family. The father was in the war and the mother ill in bed. Another group of seven had no mother, and the father was in a munition factory. We bought these families meal tickets for a month. I turned over all that remained of the Christian Work Fund, and asked my young guide to buy as many meal tickets as possible for unfed school children.

This is one side of Munich. But there is another. Munich does n't indulge in material luxuries. There are no private autos, but it does continue to keep up its intellectual refinements. Concerts and grand opera prosper. My friend and I went to hear Parsifal. We paid 34 marks for two ordinary seats. The theater where the performance is given is a small opera house, perfect in every way. The ground floor is devoted to a big eating hall and buffet, which are very popular between acts. The performance began at five. Every person was promptly in his seat. Culture was written large across each face.



WOMEN FACTORY WORKERS
Women Perform Heavy Manual Labor and Are Obligated to Wear Hoofmats or Gymnasium
Soles





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A slender, ultra-refined mother in deep mourning sat directly behind me. On her right side was a son in soldier's uniform, on her left two more sons under sixteen in deep mourning. An intellectual calm brooded over the place. There was no chatter, even the young boys were silent. The lights went out. For five minutes we sat in darkness and pondered. Then soft music lulled our nerves. When the world had quite been eliminated, the lights came on and the opera began. It was a gorgeous display of light and color, music and incense. The rich red velvet robes of the Parsifal priests, the goblet of wine which turned to fiery red as the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove descended, the singing, music, everything combined to stir, elate, and soothe mind and senses. The audience was transported from the twentieth century back to the Middle Ages. But something in me rebelled. I felt I was being drugged. I and the others were being hypnotized into a disregard of reality. The lesson preached was: "Forget the present, live for the hereafter. Only one thing matters—"Kultur." It must be spread over the earth though mankind be destroyed in the process." But suddenly a picture of the battlefield flashed



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upon me with its millions of dead. I saw the little group at the church eating like dogs. Hell raged on earth.

At the end of the first act I said to my friend: "I've got to get out and get some air."

As we walked on the terrace my friend clung to my arm. "Don't you like it?" she asked.

"It's beautiful but suffocating," was my answer.

Suddenly she turned and hugged me. "Thank God," she said. "I was afraid you'd be carried away with its beauty like the rest."

"You mean," I said, "it's this sort of thing that is taking intellectual freedom out of Germany?"

"That's it. Even art and literature are organized. There's no originality, no new thought, no progress. We live on the glories of the past. Technique and appreciation have been raised to the nth power, but we don't encourage the new."

As we went home that evening I thought much of our talk. Germany is producing a very definite culture, but it is a culture that is like Dresden china. Dresden china epitomizes modern German art. Exquisite, perfect in detail and



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color, but dead, lacking in fire, virility, and griping force.

But Munich is the most interesting spot in Germany. The middle class, as well as the unskilled workers, struggle against this relentless organization and seek expression. In Munich I found the friend to whom I had wired so persistently from Copenhagen and from whom I could get no reply. Her silence was soon explained. She is the leader of the German branch of the Women's International Peace party, of which Jane Addams is president. She has steadily worked for peace. A year ago she was present at a peace meeting of Social Democrats. At that time one of the men urged upon the women the country's need of children. He said: "Remember we need sons for the Revolution, as well as for war." Color rushed into Fräulein H——'s face, anger blazed in her eyes, and from the floor of the house she made a passionate appeal. "Do not bring children into the world unless we have the assurance of the men that they shall not be food for cannon," was the substance of her speech.

Next morning bright and early a policeman presented himself at Fräulein H——'s home.

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He sat on the edge of a chair and fumbled with his hat. He was a Bavarian and had known Fräulein H—— from girlhood. He knew she was a woman of wealth and high standing. He was much embarrassed. As a Bavarian he detested Prussian policy but he had to do his duty, so he handed out the military order.

Henceforth Fräulein H—— was forbidden to speak in public, nor might she have more than five people in her house at a time, nor could she send any telegram or letter outside the country, and all her German mail was to be opened and inspected. This was why I had n't heard. Vainly she had tried to telegraph, and in the end had gotten the friend with whom she lives to wire, trusting I would understand. These two women own a country house in Bavaria and an apartment in Munich. They knew intimately my friend from Berlin. We four spent absorbing days together. If it had not been for the streets filled with soldiers and sorrowing people and the shortage of food, I should have forgotten where I was. These women loved the same books, the same pictures, the same works of art, as corresponding groups of women in England and America. Language was the only differ-



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ence. When I sat in the Munich apartment, I might have been in my studio in Washington Square. We possessed the same customs, the same habits, talked of the same things. To suppose that Germans are born of an alien strain is an absurdity. If anything, these German women were superior to any I had known. They had sounded the depth of emotion, had more passionate energy, and were less conventional than the same group in my own country. They are an element Germany will have to reckon with.

One night we went to a big peace meeting. It was under the auspices of the major wing of the Social Democratic party. The Liebknecht people are not allowed to hold meetings in Munich any more than in Berlin. But peace meetings, in spite of restrictions, are popular. The military authorities see to it that the peace terms asked for are confined to demands of the *status quo* before war. No discussion is allowed. At this meeting there were perhaps two thousand people. It was held in a great hall. The floor was covered with little tables. Beer still flows in Munich. Both the floor and the galleries were packed. People stood about the sides of



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the room and in the aisles. Men predominated. Even soldiers in uniform were present. My friends and I sat near the front. Fräulein H—— is a member of neither the Liebknecht group nor the major wing of the Social Democratic party. The former she feels are too extreme, the latter not radical enough, about peace. Except for our group, the audience was made up chiefly of factory workers. It was a keen, alert crowd. The faces were thoughtful and showed much character. These people were not sheep—they were fighters. There was much suppressed emotion, frequent applause and cheers. The speaker said: “The days of ‘*Gott Straffe England*’ are over. We hope the time will soon come when Germans will no longer be called *Barbars* and *Boches*. Perhaps this can best be brought about by promoting the cause of peace. It certainly is distressing to find other nations hating Germany. It will be difficult to carry on trade after the war. There will be no work for the workers. It is essential that peace be made as soon as possible. When it comes perhaps enmity will cease. Witness how Austria and Germany had overlooked differences and come together [laughter], and

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how friendly Prussia and Bavaria now are.”
[Long derisive laughter which stopped the speech
for a few moments.]

The speaker then went on to discuss economic conditions. He spoke of the suffering of the poor, and said: “The Government has wholly failed to live up to its promise that women and children should be cared for and not suffer when their men went to war.”

He then spoke of Von Hollweg and praised him for his peace talk. [Applause.] He pointed out the difference between Von Hollweg’s desire for peace and Von Tirpitz’s policy of submarine frightfulness. He denounced the policy of frightfulness. [Applause.] Then he spoke of the peace petition that had been drawn up. He read the peace proposals which provided for peace on the basis of *status quo* before the war and urged every one to sign the petition. At the close of the meeting he called for a rising vote on the peace petition. Every one in the room, except my friends, stood up. Fräulein H——, as a member of the Woman’s International, wanted freedom for Poland and plebiscite vote for Alsace and Lorraine. My friend from Berlin as a Liebknecht person also



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wanted more liberal terms. But the audience did n't understand. It thought we were averse to peace. Angry people crowded around us. We were pushed and shoved. I feared Fräulein H—— would be hit. Several women were shaking their fists. One was yelling: "My husband was killed at the front; how dare you not want peace?" Another: "My son has been killed and my husband wounded, how dare you refuse to sign the petition?" I did my best to push the crowd back. We struggled to the street, but Fräulein H—— had her hair pulled down and we were considerably mauled before we made the entrance.

Then Fräulein H—— turned upon her tormentors. She had been powerless in the meeting for the police had ordered her not to speak, but in the open she risked it. She is a tall, slender woman, with golden hair and blue eyes — a madonna woman — but in her burns white heat. Turning on the crowd and shaking her fist, she hurled at them: "I want peace, but I want a real peace. I am more radical than you." A man in the crowd, evidently one of the Social Democratic leaders, came to our side. He told the people who Fräulein H—— was and what



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she stood for. Abashed, the people moved on and we slipped out into the cool night.

Yes — German women have courage. They are not sheep. The people in Germany grow restless. In Munich I saw their force. The Kaiser has not an easy life ahead. There was one other woman I wished to talk with — Clara Zetkin. She and Liebknecht have fought side by side for the same ends. She is the leader of the radical women of that party, as he is of the men. I spoke to my Berlin friend of my desire. She thought it dangerous, but agreed to the undertaking. Clara Zetkin was imprisoned last spring because of her fight for peace. She remained in prison several months. Then she was released on 5000 marks bail, pending her new trial. She is a woman over sixty and has developed serious heart trouble. The authorities feared she would die on their hands. She lives in Stuttgart — a four hours' trip from Munich. It was impossible to make the trip in a day, but if I left Munich for overnight the passport regulations required me to go to the police and state where I was going. I decided to break the law. At noon one day my Berlin friend and I took the train for Stuttgart. We kept our room at the

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hotel in Munich. We took no baggage. We told no one of our plans. We hoped in this way to avoid detection. We traveled third class. There are fewer spies in the third class. We arrived in Stuttgart at six. We ate a hasty dinner at the Rathhaus café. That restaurant is on the market square. There was the same stir and restlessness among the people I had noticed on my previous visit to Stuttgart. Long lines of people were waiting to buy supplies. That evening it was butter. But the butter gave out before the end of the line was reached. The women grew angry and shook their fists, the police drove them away, but the women went unwillingly. They turned and shouted angrily at the policemen.

After we had eaten, we took a car to the suburbs. They are quite a distance from the city. When we reached the end of the car line there was still three quarters of an hour's walk through a lonely wood. The darkness was closing in. The sky was overcast with heavy clouds. As we started down the road we noticed a man on the opposite side of the street. We were passing the last house—a little store. My



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friend pulled my arm. We stopped and gazed in the store window. "He is a spy," she whispered. We turned and walked in the opposite direction. Sure enough the man ahead had crossed the street and was coming back after us. We walked on until we came to a post-office. There we turned in and made inquiries about our way. When we emerged the man was not to be seen. We started off again down the lonely road. This time no man followed us. It began to rain. A terrific storm had arisen. There were mighty crashes of thunder and brilliant flashes of lightning; the rain came in great sheets. The one umbrella was no protection. We grew soaked, but we thrudged on along the lonely road lined with great trees. At last we saw a light. We were coming to a little village. The second house was Clara Zetkin's. She was in, of course. Alone, except for a great dog and one maid. Her husband drives an ambulance for the German Red Cross, and her two sons are surgeons in base hospitals at the front. She was delighted to see us. We had only intended to make a call, but outside the storm raged. Our hostess would not listen to our leav-

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ing on such a night. We accepted her invitation. It was dangerous to stay, but better to stay than go. We settled down for a long talk, or rather we let Clara Zetkin talk. She is like a blazing comet — over sixty, with white hair and shaken with illness, she fights on. One moment she was pouring forth a torrent of words, the next stricken with pain she lay white and gasping on the sofa, but in an instant she was up again continuing her discourse. Liebknecht's imprisonment had been a great blow. Imprisonment of nearly all of the leaders had seriously handicapped the work. "We can do nothing now," she said, "but if peace comes you will see. The thing I fear is slow starvation. Half-fed people have no life. If there were no food there would be rebellion, but this — no. We must wait for peace."

Outside, the storm continued. The rain beat against the window panes, while this little woman talked on. In the morning I might be arrested, but for the moment I did n't care. It had been splendid to see what I had seen — Germany awakening. If all this passionate energy breaks through Prussian organization, what a Germany it will be. America is awake but crude; she is



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original but lacks method. If Germany makes her technique, and industrial efficiency the servants of man instead of his masters, she will lead the world.



CHAPTER IX

THE ESCAPE FROM GERMANY

MY friend and I spent a restless night. To be in the home of the leader of the women radicals was dangerous. If discovered, we would be suspected of spreading underground propaganda. All night the storm raged outside. At daylight the door bell rang. My heart beat violently. Surely it was the police. But it was only a messenger. Early in the morning we made a hasty departure. Clara Zetkin was up before us. The work of the radicals has doubled since Liebknecht's imprisonment. There are few now to carry it on. Mehring, the editor of their paper, has been imprisoned. A letter of his to Liebknecht's lawyer was opened. In it he showed knowledge of the Liebknecht demonstration before it occurred. Mehring is a man of seventy-three and a scholar, but this was enough to condemn him to penal servitude.

Clara Zetkin walked with us toward Stutt-



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gart, her great mastiff by her side. We went back through the same lonely wood. Occasionally we heard footsteps. Once we saw a man in among the trees. Perhaps he was a spy. As we started down into the valley Clara Zetkin's lonely figure stood out above us on the hill. It was a frail figure worn with struggle but in the eyes burned the passion of a martyr. Such a spirit cannot be beaten.

As soon as we reached Stuttgart my friend and I went to the station. We took the first train to Munich. When we arrived we sauntered leisurely into our hotel. We acted as if we had never been away, but our night's absence was known. The hotel employees looked at us coldly. I had planned to leave for Switzerland the following morning. My American passport included that country. But it is n't easy to get out of Germany. At least four days before departure you must go to the police, deliver up your passport, and be finger-printed. This identification, three portraits, and a personal description are sent to the frontier. Then twenty-four hours before leaving you return to the police, get your passport, and have it viséd. This compels residence for four days in one spot

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and I had been in Stuttgart for a night without a passport.

After we reached Munich my friend and I went to the police. It was an exciting moment. Had my adventure come to official ears? Evidently not, for my papers were promptly delivered. The Bavarian police are friendly, but the military authorities are not. They are Prussian. I had to go to the latter about my letters and manuscript. During our journalist tour we had been given material on every phase of German organization. No expense had been spared to equip us with the right kind of news for America. This literature I took to the military authorities. The civil and military groups are not in harmony. Their difference is that of Von Hollweg and Von Tirpitz.

"This material," I explained, "has been given me by the Berlin authorities. I should be glad to take it to Switzerland and ship it to America."

The officer shook his head. "It can't go," was his terse reply.

"But," I protested, "the Berlin officials spent a lot of money to get the material and they said it should go if it had to be sent by the *Deutschland*."



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"It does n't make any difference what they said," was the rejoinder. "These papers sha'n't leave the country."

I shrugged my shoulders. It was silly to let me travel about and yet forbid German propaganda to pass. In the end, a few picture post-cards of Bismarck and Kaiser "Denkmals," and some pamphlets on German Red Cross work were done up in a sealed packet for transportation. The remaining material had to be left in Germany. This experience taught me it was useless to carry any news notes openly. But how smuggle them through? I had not spent a voluntary week in prison in vain. I ripped open the lining of my dress suit case and laid in my papers. Then I bought glue and stuck the lining together.

The next morning I boarded the train for the frontier. My friend from Berlin went with me. As we sped through the country I took my last glimpses of Germany. The land was desolate. No wagons or autos on the country roads, only now and then a lonely woman in a big field. One Sunday we had made an expedition from Munich into the mountains. We visited a fashionable summer resort. Rich people were still occupying the hotels. There was more comfort

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here than I had found anywhere. We had a cup of real coffee and *café kuchen* that could be eaten. But in a near-by village we found the people hungry. In one cottage was a woman who had given six sons to the war. She and her three grandchildren had n't enough to eat. They were living on potatoes and a tea substitute. She drew a small pension from the imperial authorities. This used to be augmented by a municipal fund. But the town now had no money for pensions. This grandmother was trying to live on six dollars a month.

As our train sped past little villages I wondered how many families were pensionless. In our railway carriage was a soldier home on a three weeks' leave. He was eager to talk. He wanted diversion. He was a man of means; about forty years of age, and extremely well educated. For fifteen months he had been at the front.

"I will never go back," was his ultimatum. "I'll make myself ill or do some injury to myself, if they try to send me."

"Was it so terrible?" we asked.

"Worse than any civilian can realize. I refused to go as an officer, but took the position



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of sergeant. I wanted to get into the war and see what it was like. The common soldiers were n't considered any more than a pack of animals. They were killed off like flies. I'm not a Social Democrat. I have never thought much of the working people, but I knew those men. They each had a mother, a wife, or a sweetheart, and they were mowed down like things."

We were silent a moment. Then we asked, "Do you think the men at the front learn patriotism?"

He smiled a quizzical smile. "Patriotism! Yes, we learn a real patriotism. That it does n't make any difference where you live as long as there is n't war." He paused a moment and then continued: "Germany won't be fit to live in after the war. The hardships will be frightful. I've transferred all my property to Switzerland. I will go there the first moment I can. Germany has a bill ready which she will pass as soon as peace comes. It will prevent Germans emigrating. Every one will be needed to bring back prosperity, but I mean to get out somehow."

The soldier left before we reached our destination. I was glad we were alone. My jour-

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nalist notes had begun to worry me. I examined my dress suit case. The German glue was a failure. The lining was loose except for one spot. Concealed beneath that was a newspaper clipping, telling of the Munich peace meeting. Here the lining held, because I had moistened and used the dried American glue. I decided to leave the clipping but removed my pencil notes. After much thought I copied these on tissue paper. Then I ripped open the heavy cloth straps of my English raincoat. I moistened the tissue paper, laid it inside the straps and sewed them together. It was a wonderful hiding place. You couldn't feel a thing, even though you squeezed the cloth between your fingers.

By this time we were nearing the frontier. I began to be very nervous. From the train we went into a little waiting-room. There were about twenty other travelers. My friend was still with me. At last my name was called. I wrung my friend's hand. Was it to be my last glimpse? It tore my heart to leave her to her desolate country. In a minute I was sitting in a tiny room before a white sheet. There were two holes in the sheet. Eyes were looking out at me through those holes. It was uncanny. I



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was as shivery as when we played Blue Beard as children. Questions were asked me. But all the German I had learned vanished. I sat quite still and looked outwardly calm, but inwardly my heart went like a trip hammer. An interpreter was summoned. My papers were examined. The interpreter was scornful. He made some sarcastic remarks but did not question me. Then I was led into another room. There was my luggage. It was spread out on a long bench. I saw I was not to get out of Germany as easily as I had got in. My two valises and carry-all, all the baggage I had, were opened. Every item was examined. Each stocking turned inside out. Every scrap of underwear held up to the light and each seam examined. It was very disconcerting. The soldiers' eyes went from me to my clothes. It isn't easy to act innocent. Finally the suitcases were emptied. Then it was their turn to be examined. Thank God I had removed my notes. The soldiers' fingers went over every speck of the lining. I held my breath. But the newspaper clipping could n't be felt. The loosened lining concealed no secrets. Its dangling condition was disarming. I swallowed thankfully as the things were put

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back. My raincoat was shaken out, that was all. But the officers were evidently surprised that they had unearthed no secrets. They were still not friendly. I asked if I might go, but they shook their heads. Just then a whistle blew. The little boat that was to take me across Lake Constance to Switzerland was leaving.

Then the door opened and my friend was shown in. I was so glad to see her, I forgot my disappointment at being detained. Hurriedly she explained. "The officer says he has a 'denunciation' against you. He says they have been all through your things and found nothing. That is in your favor, but they are n't going to let you across the frontier to-night. You will have to stay at a hotel in the town."

It was evident some spy had told tales. My friend and I exchanged glances but said nothing. An officer was standing guard with an attentive ear. I decided to leave my luggage with the officials. Those newspaper clippings made it risky, but it looked well. I took my toilet articles and left with my friend. We found an attractive hotel facing the lake. The town of Lindau has considerable charm. It does not seem to be fortified. There are no visible



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trenches. It looks as though the people of Switzerland could come straight into Germany across Lake Constance. But Lindau was full of soldiers and spies. When my friend and I were safely in a hotel, she started to talk about the concealed papers. But I motioned for silence and pointed to a door leading into an adjoining room. There was a big crack and a key-hole, any one hiding on the other side could see and hear everything. My friend understood. By common consent we confined our conversation to clothes, weddings, and feminine topics.

Later that evening we went out for a walk. Then in whispers we discussed the "denunciation." My friend was indignant. "You have n't done a speck of harm; you're an American, and have a right to go anywhere. Besides you've been feeding German mothers and babies. I told the officer you had and that he had no right to treat you so."

But I did not agree with my friend. It was war and I was a journalist. Besides I had made an unreported visit to Stuttgart. True I had not been to the front and I knew no military secrets. But I had my journalist notes. If discovered they would not be tolerated and my

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deception would have brought temporary imprisonment. It was not easy to sleep that night. But fear breeds craftiness. As I undressed I did it for the benefit of the keyhole. I carefully shook out each garment and cast it carelessly aside. In the bathroom were two bungholes. Through them it was easy for any one on the outside to see what was going on within. I kept these holes in my mind throughout my toilet.

Next morning we were up early. A boat for Switzerland left shortly after eight. I think it was my cheerfulness and unconcern won the day. The officer told my friend I had been seen in a railway carriage when I was supposed to be in Munich. "But," he added, "the spies half the time don't know what they are about." The officers had grown friendly. They had come to the conclusion I was harmless. This treatment made my conscience prick as their suspicions of the night before had n't. I was not personally examined nor was my luggage re-examined, but when I had once passed the roped-off inclosure, I was not allowed to speak to my friend. I stood on the boat's deck and she on the shore.

Now that I was off, I hated to go. As the boat pulled out my friend still stood there. As



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long as I could see her her hand was waving a last farewell. During my stay in Germany, she had understood, protected, and cared for me. She loved her country as few do. So much that she could see its faults. She wanted the world to know the truth. She wanted the help of all mankind in the struggle for democracy. To leave her seemed like deserting the ship. Yet as the boat drew close to the land on the other side a flood of joy seized me. I grew tremendously excited. I had not realized how exiled I had felt. One wireless message three weeks old had been my only connection with America.

It was a deserted village at which we landed. There were few people about, no soldiers, and no entrenchment. There seemed to be no barriers against Germany. And the blight of Germany seemed to have extended to this spot. It was so still. But had it? A thought came to me — bread, butter, coffee. I made for the nearest restaurant. For a solid hour, I consumed bread, butter, coffee, cream, and sugar. I had no other desire in life. I had n't known how I missed these things. I put great chunks of butter on my bread and ate it like candy. It was exactly like getting oiled up. My tense nerves

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began to relax. In a short time my train arrived. Then as it sped on through the country I saw I was in a new world. On the country road were autos. I was fascinated by their newness and speed. At the stations were crowds of men, young men in business clothes. I couldn't take my eyes off them and the milk cans. How Germany transports the little milk she has, I don't know, for I realized in traveling I had n't seen a milk can. The world suddenly seemed flooded with men and milk cans. Presently I began to notice my fellow passengers, and I saw they also looked strange. They had fat hands and great fat figures. To my unaccustomed eye they looked enormously big. Then they laughed and talked. Their eyes were bright and they had rosy cheeks.

In the dining car we had a huge meal, six courses, two kinds of meat, and a salad reeking with oil. But suddenly something within me recoiled. I found I couldn't swallow. It was like coming from a funeral into a land of laughter. It all seemed wrong. No one was thinking of the dead. I wanted to cry out to these fat, complacent, jolly people: "How can you? Don't you understand? People are suffering.



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A nation is dying. What right have you to be thoughtless? Please respect the dead." I pushed back my plate. I could n't eat. For a long time I sat thinking. But as the hours wore on I noticed another great change had taken place. When I entered the train every one was talking German. It was as it had been in Germany. But now my ear caught French. A lump came in my throat. It was so good to hear a language I understood. We had passed from German Switzerland into French. At Berne there had been a great exodus and influx. The new arrivals were a different type. The few who remained in the car changed their language. We had passed from Germany into France. A real frontier had been crossed. But no one came to examine my luggage or me.

What a topsy-turvy world it was. German Switzerland is completely German, French Switzerland equally French, and Italian Switzerland Italian. An imaginary line holds them together. If Switzerland went to war it would probably fly into its component parts. So great is the division in sentiment. In Berne the people were hotly for Germany. In Geneva passionately for France.

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I traveled through to Geneva. It was good to be in a land where I could talk freely. I enjoyed the real coffee, the rich food, the crowded cafés. For a day it was like a release from prison. Then I discovered life in Switzerland was distressing. The land is deluged with spies, both French and German. I had two groups to watch me. The Germans were most active. Wherever I went some man followed me. All Switzerland is a hotbed of plots and counterplots. People do not trust one another. How can they? One group fights for Germany, the other for France. And Switzerland is a land of tragedies. They hit the eye wherever one walks. The country is inhabited by trembling, old people, in deep mourning. Their sons are all dead. They have come here to forget. These sorrowing aged ones bring tiny grandchildren. The land swarms with curly-haired, dancing-eyed, pink and white perfections in babyhood. They are the prize children the belligerent nations are trying to save. Beside this mixture of old and young, there is the awful human wreckage of war. Soldiers who have gone crazy and walk with shuffling feet and hanging mouths, tubercular warriors, gasping and white, and men who



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are only stumps riding about in wheel chairs.

All that is best and worst in mankind is here in evidence. At one end the Swiss Red Cross labors day and night, nursing wounded soldiers, protecting war prisoners, and giving trained nurses from all the belligerent countries a two weeks' vacation in the best hotels free. At the other end the greedy, crafty merchants, fatten on wine and good food and busily haul in money made from war's necessities. German merchants and French merchants live side by side in the same hotel, talking not of the war, forgetting all differences, to barter and trade and reap from their bleeding lands.

Poor Switzerland! It suffers indeed. It is gradually being squeezed. Its lands are being stripped. Sugar is low. There are no longer sugar bowls. Each person is served only with a portion — two lumps. Most of the bread is no longer white. The country is bled of its silk and wool. The beautiful woven sweaters of former days are scarce. They have all been shipped to France. Switzerland is no haven of rest. I wanted to get away as quickly as possible. But I did not want to go back to Germany. My escapade in Stuttgart made it dangerous.



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My nerves had had all they could stand. But Americans are not permitted to travel from belligerent country to belligerent country. I decided to throw myself on the mercy of the British Embassy and beg for a pass through France.



CHAPTER X

A FLYING TRIP THROUGH FRANCE AND ENGLAND

THE American embassy in Switzerland was adamant. "There's no use seeing the ambassador," said an important young secretary. "I tell you, you've got to go back through Germany."

"But," I protested, "there's a denunciation against me in Germany. It's dangerous. If the British embassy gives consent, why can't I go to England?"

"It does n't make any difference what the British embassy says," retorted the autocratic secretary. "As soon as you reach the French frontier you'll be arrested. If you are, we will have nothing to do with you. No American can travel from one belligerent country to another."

I was disheartened. Life looked black, but I was not going to give in. I went to the post-office and collected my mail. I found the "New York Tribune" credentials and a letter from Mr.



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Massingham, the editor of the English "Nation," for whom I had done some writing. These letters forwarded to Switzerland at my request gave me a pro-ally appearance. I destroyed the "Chicago Tribune" credentials which had carried me through Germany. Then I sought the British embassy. There was a fine young captain at the head of the passport department. He was at once deeply interested. A woman who had been through Germany was a curiosity. I explained my predicament.

"I simply can't go home that way," I said appealingly. "The American embassy won't help me, and, they say, you have n't any power; that I'll be arrested as soon as I reach France."

This challenge brought a quick response. The young captain straightened up, and said reassuringly, "Don't you worry, I'll see you through."

My heart grew light. Soon the captain and I were chatting gaily. I found he had an American wife. We discovered mutual friends in England and America. He was able to place me from babyhood. "I should like awfully," he said, "to talk about Germany. Could n't you dine with me?"



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I was about to accept when I remembered the German spies. I explained the situation. "Spies follow me everywhere, and if I have to go back to Germany and I've been seen dining with the British embassy, what do you think would happen to me?"

He laughingly agreed it would n't do. But after a few minutes he returned to the dinner invitation. "Suppose," he said, "you dine with me and we elude the spies. I'll take a taxi and be on a given street corner at a given hour, and you come along and take the taxi."

The humor of the situation appealed to me, and I agreed. That night at seven I slipped quietly out of my hotel and down a deserted street. On the street corner stood a taxi. I opened the door and popped in. It was the right one. We had a great laugh. We felt we were acting the leading rôles in a new movie. We had a dinner at a country club and I got my first glimpse of the reverse side of the war. This young Englishman had a real point of view. Women and soldiers see the war straight. They know its cost. It's the civilians at home that are bitter and relentless.

We talked as much of prisons as of war. We

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tied the two together. "There are two ways of treating Germany," I said. "It's the difference between the old prison system and the new. The old method of punishment does n't work. Beat a convict and you fill him with rage and don't reform him, but give the men behind the bars a square deal, be big and fair and generous, and you get real reformation. Personally, I wish the Allies had n't thrown bombs on cities. In Baden Baden eighty women and children were killed."

The captain's brow puckered. "It was a mistake," he agreed. "We ought n't to have copied Germany. Many of us voted against it, but the measure carried."

"I think," I continued, "the radicals in Germany could be of use. Why not appeal to them? Drop literature instead of bombs on the trenches. Tell the German people what you're after."

"We've thought of that," he replied, and then inquired, "Were you in Berlin on August——? Aeroplanes flew over the city that day with literature."

I remembered the date perfectly. I had been on the street all day, but I'd seen and heard nothing. I said so. The captain was disap-



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pointed. "I was afraid there was a hitch," he said.

The captain was well posted about Germany. He knew of the food shortage. He watched for signs of collapse. One of his first questions was, "Is the Zoo in Berlin still open?" This English officer had no thought of peace. Germany must first be defeated. But he was not vindictive. He did not want punishment. It was interesting to watch the captain study me. Germany searched my luggage, but he searched my mind. I did not try to deceive him. He saw. I wanted peace, but not at the expense of democracy. He trusted me. When we parted I had his promise of assistance.

In three days came a note asking me to call. He delivered over my passport. On it was written this sentence: "Seen at the British Legation at Berne, September 22nd, 1916. Miss Doty is personally known to me— Good for London."

In addition I was given a letter in French for use in France.

That night I took the train for Paris. Before leaving I destroyed all but my business letters. A precious note from Romain Rolland went into the fire. I dared not carry it. I was told a

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woman who traveled with his book "Above the Battle," was arrested as a suspect. The famous novelist is an exile in Switzerland. I forwarded him an invitation from the Woman's Peace Party to lecture in America. In reply he wrote, "My duty lies in Europe. When I speak it must be to France." But had he felt otherwise he could not have come to America. France would not give him a passport.

I descended from the train at the French frontier with anxiety.

Had the captain the power to protect me? It was pitch dark. Only the station platform and a row of soldiers were visible. We were shown into a big examining room. The luggage came first. That was quickly disposed of. My papers had n't yet been seen. But as I turned from my baggage a soldier stepped up and took my passport. It was covered with fat official German seals. He was staggered. He hurried me into the next room. At once I became "the lady from Germany." For two hours I was passed from official to official. Endlessly I repeated the story of my life. My legal training was useful. I always told the same story. The French soldiers, like the English captain,



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searched my mind. When they had finished I was turned over to a woman. She conducted me to a large closet and ordered me to undress. I got as far as the first layer when the woman said "that will do." The ordeal was over and I boarded my train.

For three hours the train had patiently waited its passengers. I was very tired, and crept quickly into my berth. But in the midst of dreams of Paris, there came loud thumps at the stateroom door. In a moment it was flung open and in walked the French police. I sat up in bed and greeted my visitors sleepily. Soon they had me launched on another life history. The chief officer was suspicious. "How long," he said, "have you known Captain X? When did you see him?" I dodged his questions and replied carelessly: "Captain X! Oh, I know him well. He has an American wife. We dined together." That settled it. Dining with the British Legation gives one a standing. With profuse apologies the police withdrew. Again I settled down; when I opened my eyes it was to hear the porter say, "Paris in half an hour."

Queer little ecstasies of delight thrilled me. Was it because of a great great-grandfather who

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was French. I think not. France's magic lies not in ancestors but in its democracy — its understanding — one fits. As I left the train, the station was packed with people. In a moment I was lost in the crowd. Spies were useless. The whole city teemed with life. It is more active than a year ago. More happens in five minutes than in a whole month in Berlin. I knew at a glance that Germany's days were numbered. I went to a little sidewalk café for breakfast. Streams of people passed. Girls on their way to business, crippled soldiers, rushing ambulances, flying taxis, delivery wagons, English officers with a piquant French girl clinging to an arm. The life was as rushing as it is at Broadway and Forty-second Street. After Germany, it looked helter-skelter and unorganized, but things got done.

Paris is to Berlin, as home is to an institution. It has an unconventional warmth. You don't hear the wheels go round. Tired soldiers from the front poured into the station and made the station home. They sank down in any convenient spot. In one corner I saw a foot-sore soldier take off shoes and stockings and put on fresh ones; in another a group of soldiers sat on the



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floor with their backs to the wall and eat breakfast from knapsacks chatting madly. I wanted to stay in Paris, but I'd promised the Captain I would n't. He feared my German marked passport would get me in trouble with ignorant under-officials. After breakfast, I tried to get a reservation for London. It was Saturday. There was none to be had until Sunday. That gave me two days in Paris. I spent them in the shops and on the boulevards. Paris thrives. Every one is busy. There are few signs to rent. The shops are gay with the latest fashions. But much of the idealism of a year ago has vanished. France begins to realize she has Germany by the throat. The soldiers jostle one on the street. They walk with the air of conquerors, they grow brutal. And the boulevards are filled with women of the street. There are other signs that are distressing. France copies Germany. She grows militaristic. She refuses passports to men like Romain Rolland. With the loss of freedom goes much idealism. I began to fear for France. The victory of the Marne was won not by a relentless military system, but by idealism. The people believed in their cause and fought like one man. Joan d'Arcs and Abra-

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ham Lincolns spring from the people. They emerge where there is freedom. Great leaders are needed. To close France in, suppress the news, appoint dictators, employ militaristic methods, will be fatal. The people of France and England prosper only under democracy.

It is the people of these two kingdoms that have kept them ahead of Germany internally.

To go from Germany to France is like going from a desert island to a land of plenty. The Allies have all the resources. They have raw material, workers — 70,000 Chinamen, for instance — food and munition. Each day Germany's supply of these diminishes. But as long as Germany has a speck of food or a man to fight she will have military strength. You can't beat Germany at her own game. You can't beat back over twenty miles of trenches without a struggle that will bankrupt the world. But there are other ways of winning. The methods of free people. The methods of the new prison system. Ways that seek not punishment but justice. Ways that, conscious of strength, offer justice.

On Sunday I took the train for Havre. I was careful to show only the Berne visé and said I



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was going straight through. I was passed without comment. As I gazed from the car window I saw the country teemed with activity. Smoke poured from factories. At one point we came to a military center. Here gigantic new buildings were in progress and railroad tracks were being laid in every direction. Thousands of cars stood on sidings. It looked as though France and England had a plant that could supply the world. By contrast Germany was pitiful. In the compartment with me was an attractive French girl. She had dancing eyes, and wore a very short skirt, and carried a gaily colored hat-box nearly as big as herself. All the soldiers were attentive. She was radiant. The lack of young men in Paris made life dull. She was off for London. I found we shared the same stateroom on the channel steamer. As we drew into Havre, we heard bad news. A German submarine had been sighted and the London boat would not leave that night. Havre is the seat of the Belgium Government and is crowded with Belgian and English soldiers. The chances for accommodations were small. There were no porters and no carriages at the station. An old postman offered me his services. He swung me

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on to the high front seat of the post wagon and piled my bags on the wagon's roof. Then we tore down the street at a mad pace to the best hotel. It was a wild race for rooms. The little French girl with the aid of several cavaliers was ahead of me, but I came next. I secured the last room to be had. It cost two dollars and was at the top of the hotel, six flights and no elevator. But I was thankful for a bed. Next day the little French girl clung to me. She was pursued by invitations and I acted as chaperon. Two English business men invited us to lunch. We went to a little restaurant high up on the cliff. The cliff is covered with tents and wooden buildings. These are the Belgium military headquarters. At the water's edge below the cliff lie the attractive houses used by the Belgium Government staff. But Havre itself is unattractive. English Tommies lounge about the place. They fill the cafés and drink unduly. They have robbed Havre of its Parisian lightness. It has grown coarse and dirty. The place is under English control. The little French girl said the English were not popular here. Our English merchants were stodgy. They had the civilian view of war. They believed in corporal punish-



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ment for school children, and in corporal punishment for Germany.

We left them as soon as possible. At the hotel we met a couple of young English army officers. They were both under twenty-five. They were back from the front for a few days. They came from the wealthy and aristocratic class in England. They were frankly delighted to be with us. "We've wondered," they said, "whether we should ever again go to teas and dances and be just frivolous." They invited us to tea. We went to the most pretentious tea-room in town. They kept me talking about Germany. They could n't hear enough. They grew very confidential. "It's all very well," said one, and the other agreed, "for Lloyd George to sit home and talk about knockout blows and plan away our lives, but I tell you when we're in the trenches *it's peace for us at any price*, when we get back as far as here we think we'll fight a little longer and when we get to England we talk the way Asquith does."

"We're hoping," added the other, "that the death of Asquith's son will do much to hasten the end of war."

"There are other ways of winning besides just

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killing," I suggested. "You might start a revolution in Germany. If the Allies would officially state fair peace terms and have these translated into German and dropped by aeroplanes in all the German trenches, things would happen. The Germans suffer horribly. If you made the people realize you were n't out for conquest, they'd quit fighting you and go for their own Government."

The young officers were silent for a moment, then they burst out with, "That's a great idea. It would mean setting the Germans to killing each other instead of us."

I had to laugh, but perhaps their interpretation was not far from the truth. "Anyway," I added, "it could n't do any harm to try the plan."

These young officers were refreshing. They were big and strong and splendid, England's best. They were fighters, but they loathed war. They wanted justice not punishment. That night we boarded the channel steamer. The little French girl supervised my luggage while I told my life history to English officers. It was two hours and a half before I was released. The steamer was frightfully hot. Every porthole was fastened down. This was to prevent a ray of light escaping. The decks were in total darkness.



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The boat crept out into black silent night. The stateroom was too stuffy for sleep. The little French girl and I spent the night on deck. There was n't a sound except the swish of the water as our dark boat dashed through the still night. I was more afraid of capture than bombs. What would the Germans do to me if our boat was taken and we made prisoners?

The stewardess told me a harrowing story. Not long before a German woman had crossed on a channel steamer, she was a spy. The English discovered her nationality. They faced her with facts. They promised if she confessed to send her back. She did confess. Next morning, she was shipped to France. England shifted the burden. She did not want to kill a woman. But she knew France would. Twenty-four hours later the woman was shot on French soil. In Germany I had spoken of Edith Cavell. I said it was a mistake. Many Germans agreed, but then they shrugged their shoulders and said the Allies are n't much better. I knew now why. I fell to wondering about myself. I suppose Military Junkers in both England and Germany, because I had traveled about, might consider me a spy. It was not a pleasant thought. I was glad

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I was on my way to America. We reached Southampton in the early morning. Without breakfast and without sleep, it was hard to be cheerful. But I did my best with my life story. My passport was taken, and I was told as soon as I reached London to go to Scotland Yard for it.

On the train in our compartment was a very tired Englishman and Englishwoman. He had been driving an ambulance at the front, she nursing the wounded. The little French girl was a delight to them. She robbed life of horror. The Englishman's feet were very long; they came dangerously near the gay hat-box. "You must be careful of our Paris hat," I said, smiling first at him and then at the attractive owner. He drew his feet in solicitously and said earnestly, "I'd hurl myself out of the window before I'd hurt that hat." Soldiers and women keep their balance. Suffering makes them generous. It's the civilians at home that may bring havoc.

London was quieter than a year ago. The gaudy enlistment posters have vanished, the bands no longer play. The people have settled into harness. At night the streets are pitchy black. One cannot see the curbstone, one has to be led



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by an expert. Between fog and the short winter days, London is dreary. The streets are crowded and life goes on as usual, but a spirit of relentless Puritanism has reawakened in the land. The English people do not know that Germany suffers. They believe she stores up goods to destroy them commercially after the war. The English fear this and want Germany smashed. They believe in punishment. They still beat their public school boys as formerly they beat their convicts and their soldiers. Germany must be licked like a school child. This makes the people hard. Not all, of course. The radicals see the danger. They know if England succeeds it will react on England. She will become a bully and illiberal. Slowly England is dividing into two camps. Those who want to fight only for the freedom and reinstatement of small nations, and those who want in addition to smash the enemy. The latter class predominate in both England and France. The militarists get ever a tighter hold. While Germany is opening up and her people begin to talk, slowly England and France close in, shut out liberty, and grow relentless.

I stayed only ten days in England. London

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grows uninteresting. It has few meetings, no street orators, and little discussion. Its social work ceases. It is becoming what Germany was a year ago. I talked little while in England. My pass had been given me by the military authorities and I felt I had no right to. But on the ocean homeward bound my thoughts run riot. I had seen both sides. I had no doubt about the outcome. Germany would eventually be beaten. Her resources were becoming exhausted. But a prolonged struggle might mean bankruptcy, spiritual and physical, for the Allies. Was there a way out? Again the new prison system rushed upon me. Treating convicts kindly and really reforming them, did not mean opening the gates and letting them run away. Neither did offering Germany just terms of peace and appealing to the best that was in her mean letting Prussianism overrun the world. Suddenly I closed my eyes and dreamed a dream. I saw our little grandchildren fifty years hence in school bending over history books and this is what they read.

“In 1917 a great change in thought came over the earth. It revolutionized history. No other event since the freeing of the slaves was of such



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importance. The spirit of Social Service which had crept into people permeated the nations and guided their action. And in the spiritual regeneration America led the way. From her came the doctrine: 'We must fight for justice but never to conquer or punish. "Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone." We are not our brother's keeper but our brother's helper. Our own hands have not always been clean. We have fattened on the Great War. We wish to make reparation. We ask to be allowed to aid with the war indemnities. We wish to contribute a billion dollars to the reestablishment of Belgium.'

"It was this spirit in America," continued the history, "that changed the whole trend of events. When peace negotiations came, there was not, as formerly, secret diplomatic juggling to see which nation could grab the most. Peace terms were stated openly.

"The reestablishment of small nations was insisted on, and in cases of dispute a plebiscite vote decided the nationality of the disputed territory. An endeavor was made to give to the uttermost, instead of take to the uttermost.

"So the foundations of the permanent peace



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we enjoy to-day were laid. To our grandfathers belong the glory of establishing the rule, 'What can I give, not what can I grab.' "

Was it a dream? I woke with a start. I was lying in a steamer chair and we were drawing into New York harbor.

Already I felt the breath of the great city in my nostrils. Whatever decisions were made it would be the voice of the American people. They were free to speak. America! What do you say?



DIE MÜTTER

WHILE in Geneva I visited the Red Cross authorities. This is the Central Bureau for relief work. It gives aid to the wounded and prisoners of all the belligerent countries. Many horrible, tragic and beautiful stories pass through the committee's hands.

After the war these stories will come to light. At present the rigid censorship prevents publication, for it is impossible to carry printed or written material across frontiers.

But one story told me needed no notes. It became engraven in my memory. It is the story of an English boy and a German mother.

I could not secure the letters that passed between these two but their contents, and the other facts given are here set forth accurately. This is a true story.

.
The sky was a soft, shining blue. The air was still. The warmth of summer brooded over the land. But no bird's song broke the still-

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ness. No bees fluttered over flowers. The earth lay torn and bare. In deep brown furrows of the earth, hundreds of restless men lay or knelt or stood.

The land was vibrant with living silence. But now and again a gigantic smashing roar broke the tense stillness. Then in some spots, the ground spit forth masses of dirt, a soldier's helmet, a tattered rag of uniform, and bits of a human body.

It was after such a mighty blast that a great winged object came speeding from the north. It skimmed low over the trenches and dipped, and circled and paused above the English line. Like a great eagle it seemed about to rush to earth, snatch its prey, and then be off. But as it hung suspended, another whirring monster flew swiftly from the south. It winged its way above its rival, then turning, plunged downward. The great cannons grew silent. The eyes of the pigmies in the trenches gazed skyward. A breathless tenseness gripped the earth. Only sun and sky shone on with no whisper of the mad fight of these two winged things.

For a few wild moments they rushed at one another. Then the whirring bird with wings of



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white rose high, turned back, and plunged again upon that other whose wings had huge, black crosses.

It missed its prey, but there came a cracking sound. A puff of smoke, like a hot breath, burst from the creature of the iron crosses. It shuddered, dropped, turned, and fell head down. With sweeping curves the pursuer also came to earth. A lean, young Englishman sprang from the whirring engine. His body quivered with excitement. He sped with running feet to the broken object lying on the ground. He knelt by the twisted mass. Beneath the splintered wood and iron he saw a boyish figure. It was still and motionless. He gently pulled the body out. A fair young German lay before him. A deep gash in the head showed where a blow had brought instant death. The body was straight and supple, the features clear cut and clean. A boy's face with frank and fearless brow looked up at the young Englishman. The eyes held no malice. They were full of shocked surprise. The brown haired lad felt the lifeless heart. A piece of cardboard met his fingers. He pulled it from the coat pocket. It was a picture — a picture of a woman — a woman with gray hair

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and kindly eyes,— a mother whose face bore lines of patient suffering. Scrawled beneath the portrait in boyish hand were the words, "Meine Mutter."

A sob choked the young Englishman. Tenderly he gathered the lifeless form in his strong arms. Then he rose and walked unheeding across the open field of battle. But no angry bullet pelted after those young figures. The men in the trenches saw and understood. Behind the lines the boy lay his burden down. Taking paper and pencil from his pocket and placing the little picture before him, he began to write.

When he had finished he placed the letter and portrait in a carefully directed envelope. Then walking hurriedly to his machine he prepared for flight. Soon he was whirring low over the enemy trenches. Leaning out, he dropped his missile. The cannons roared, but no rifle was turned on that bright figure. Instinctively, men knew his deed was one of mercy. As the little paper fluttered downward it was picked up by eager soldier hands. A little cheer broke from a hundred throats. Willing messengers passed it to the rear. Speedily it went on its way.

Twenty-four hours later a mother with pale



Aus den lithographischen Künstlerflugblättern „Kriegszeit“ No. 12

Die Mütter 1914-1916

Käthe Kollwitz

This Picture Was Made by a Woman to Personify the Suffering
Motherhood of Germany





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face and trembling hands fingered the white scrap of paper. Her unseeing eyes gazed out on a smiling landscape. Between green meadows in the warm summer sunshine lay the glittering Rhine. But she saw nothing. Her baby boy was dead. Memories of him flooded her. She felt again the warmth of the baby body as it clung to her's and the pull of the tiny hands at her breast. She saw him as a boy, his eager restlessness. She heard his running steps at the door and his cry of "mother." It was over. That bright spirit was still. The third and last son had been exacted. Her fingers touched the letter in her lap. Her eyes fell on the penciled words. Slowly they took meaning. This boy who wrote: He'd seen the beauty of her son. He'd lifted the dear body in his arms. His heart was torn by anguish. What was it he said:

" ' It's your son. I know you can't forgive me for I killed him. But I want you to know he did n't suffer. The end came quickly. He was very brave. He must also have been very good. He had your picture in his pocket. I am sending it back, though I should like to keep it. I suppose I am his enemy, yet, I don't feel so at

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all. I'd give my life to have him back. I did n't think of him or you when I shot at his machine. He was an enemy spying out our men. I could n't let him get back to tell his news. It meant death to our men. It was a plucky deed. We were covered up with brush. He had to come quite low to see us and he came bravely. He nearly escaped me. He handled his machine magnificently. I thought how I should like to fly with him. But he was the enemy and had to be destroyed. I fired. It was over in a second. Just a blow on the head as the machine crashed to earth. His face shows no suffering, only excitement. His eyes are bright and fearless. I know you must have loved him. My mother died when I was quite a little boy. But I know what she would have felt if I had been killed. War is n't fair to women. God! how I wish it were over. It is a nightmare. I feel if I just touched your boy, he'd wake and we'd be friends. I know his body must be dear to you. I will take care of it and mark his grave with a little cross. After the war you may want to take him home.

"For the first time, I'm almost glad my mother is n't living. She could not have borne what I have done. My own heart is heavy. I



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felt it was my duty. Yet now when I see your son lifeless before me and hold your picture in my hand, it all seems wrong. The world is dark. O Mother, be my mother just a little too, and tell me what to do.— HUGH.’ ”

Slowly great tears rolled down the woman's cheeks. What was this monster that was smashing men? Her boy and this other, they were the same. No hate was in their hearts. They suffered — the whole world suffered. Her country went in hunger. The babies in the near-by cottages grew weak for want of milk. She must n't tell that to the English lad. His heart would break. Why must such suffering be? Was she to blame? There was the English lad without a mother. She had not thought of him and others like him. Her home, her sons, her Fatherland, these had been sufficient. But each life hangs on every other. Motherhood is universal.

Suddenly she knew what to write. What she must say to that grief-stricken English boy. Quickly her hand penned the words:

“ Dear Lad: There is nothing to forgive. I see you as you are — your troubled goodness. I

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feel you coming to me like a little boy astounded at having done ill when you meant well. You seem my son. I am glad your hands cared for my other boy. I had rather you than any other touched his earthly body. He was my youngest. I think you saw his fineness. I know the torture of your heart since you have slain him. To women brotherhood is a reality. For all men are our sons. That makes war a monster that brother must slay brother. Yet perhaps women more than men have been to blame for this world war. We did not think of the world's children, our children. The baby hands that clutched our breast were so sweet, we forgot the hundred other baby hands stretched out to us. But the Earth does not forget, she mothers all. And now my heart aches with repentance. I long to take you in my arms and lay your head upon my breast to make you feel through me your kinship with all the earth. Help me, my son, I need you. Be your vision, my vision. Spread the dream of oneness and love throughout the land. When the war is over come to me. I am waiting for you.—DEINE MUTTER."







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